

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. — NO. 1128. — 13 JANUARY, 1866.

From the North British Review.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

FIRST PART.

MORE than enough has perhaps been said in disparagement of the eighteenth century. It is not therefore to speak more evil of that much-abused time, but merely to note an obvious fact, if we say that its main tendency was towards the outward and the finite. Just freed from the last ties of feudalism, escaped too from long religious conflicts which had resulted in war and revolution, the feelings of the British people took a new direction: the nation's energies were wholly turned to the pacific working out of its material and industrial resources. Let us leave those deep, interminable questions, which lead only to confusion, and let us stick to plain, obvious facts, which cannot mislead, and which yield such comfortable results. This was the genius and temper of the generation that followed the glorious Revolution. Nor was there wanting a man to give definite shape and expression to this tendency of the national mind. Locke, a shrewd and practical man, who knew the world, furnished his countrymen with a way of thinking singularly in keeping with their then temper; a philosophy which, discarding abstruse ideas, fashioned thought mainly out of the senses; an ethics founded on the selfish instincts of pleasure and pain; and a political theory which, instead of the theocratic dreams of the Puritans, or the divine right of the High-Churchmen, or the historic traditions of feudalism, grounded government on the more prosaic but not less unreal phantasy of an original contract. This whole philosophy, however inconsistent with what is noblest in British history, was so congenial a growth of the British soil, that no other has ever struck so deep a root, or spread so wide and enduring an influence. But this process, introduced by Locke for the purpose of moderating the pretensions of human thought, came to be gloried in by his followers as its highest achievement. The half century after Locke was no doubt full of mental activity in certain directions. It

saw Physical Science attain its highest triumph in the Newtonian discoveries; History studied after a certain manner by votaries more numerous than ever before; and the new science of Political Economy created. But while these fields were thronged with busy inquirers, and though Natural Theology was much argued and discussed, yet from the spiritual side of all questions, from the deep things of the soul, from men's living relations to the eternal world, educated thought seemed to turn instinctively away. The guilds of the learned, as by tacit consent, either eschewed these subjects altogether, or, if they were constrained to enter on them, they had laid down for themselves certain conventional limits, beyond which they did not venture. On the other side of these lay mystery, enthusiasm, fanaticism — spectres abhorred of the wise and prudent. How entirely the mechanical philosophy had saturated the age, may be seen from the fact that Wesley, the leader of the great spiritual 'counter-movement of last century, the preacher of divine realities to a generation fast bound in sense, yet in the opening of his sermon on faith indorses the sensational theory, and declares that to man in his natural condition sense is the only inlet of knowledge.

The same spirit which pervaded the philosophy and theology of that era is apparent not less in its poetry and literature. Limitation of range, with a certain perfectness of form, contentment with the surface-view of things, absence of high imagination, repression of the deeper feelings, man looked at mainly on his conventional side, careful descriptions of manners, but no open vision, — these are the prevailing characteristics. Doubtless the higher truth was not even then left without its witnesses, Butler and Berkeley in speculation, Burns and Cowper in poetry, Burke in political philosophy, — these were either the criers in the wilderness against the idols of their times, or the prophets of the new truth that was being born. Men's thoughts cannot deal earnestly with many things at once; and each age has its own work assigned it; and the work of the eighteenth century was mainly one of the utilitarian understanding, one of ac-

tive but narrow intelligence, divorced from imagination, from deep feeling, from reverence, from spiritual insight. And when this one-sided work was done, the result was isolation, individualism, self-will; the universal in thought lost sight of, the universal in ethics denied; everywhere, in speculation as in practice, the private will dominant, the Universal Will forgotten. To exult over the ignorant past, to glory in the wonderful present, to have got rid of all prejudices, to have no strong beliefs except in material progress, to be tolerant of all things but fanaticism, this was its highest boast. And though this self-complacent wisdom received some rude shocks in the crash of revolution with which its peculiar era closed, and though the soul and spirit that are in man, long unheeded, then once more awoke and made themselves heard, that one-sided and soulless intelligence, if weakened, was not destroyed. It was carried over into this century in the brisk but barren criticism of the early *Edinburgh Review*. And at this very moment there are symptoms enough on every side that the same spirit, after having received a temporary repulse, is again more than usually alive.

The same manner of thought which we have attempted to describe as it existed in our own country, dominated in others during the same period. So well is it known in Germany that they have a name for it, which we want. They call it by a term which means the Illumination or Enlightenment, and they have marked the notes by which it is known. Some who are deep in German lore tell us that Europe has produced but one power really counteractive of this Illumination, or tyranny of the mere understanding, and that is, the philosophy of Kant and Hegel. And they affect no small scorn for any attempt at reaction, which has originated elsewhere. Nevertheless, at the turn of the century, there did arise nearer home men who felt the defect in the thought of the preceding age, and did much to supply it; who strove to base philosophy on principles of universal reason; and who, into thought and sentiment dwarfed and starved by the effects of Enlightenment, poured the inspiration of soul and spirit. The men who mainly did this in England were Wordsworth and Coleridge. These are the native champions of spiritual truth against the mechanical philosophy of the Illumination. Of the former of the two we took occasion to speak not long since in this *Review*. In something of the same way we propose to place now be-

fore our readers some account of the friend of Wordsworth, whom his name naturally recalls, a man not less original nor remarkable than he — Samuel Taylor Coleridge. And yet, though the two were friends, and shared together many mental sympathies, between the lives and characters of the philosophic poet and the poetic philosopher there was more of contrast than of likeness. The one, robust and whole in body as in mind, resolute in will, and single in purpose, knowing little of books and of other men's thoughts, and caring less for them, set himself, with his own unaided resources, to work out the great original vein of poetry that was within him, and stopped not, nor turned aside, till he had fulfilled his task, had enriched English literature with a new poetry of the deepest and purest ore, and thereby made the world for ever his debtor. The other, master of an ampler and more varied, though not richer field, of quicker sympathies, less self-sustained, but touching life and thought at more numerous points, eager to know all that other men had thought and known, and working as well on a basis of wide erudition as on his own internal resources, but with a body that did him grievous wrong, and frustrated, not obeyed, his better aspirations, and a will faltering and irresolute to follow out the behests of his surpassing intellect, he but drove in a shaft here and there into the vast mine of thought that was in him, and died leaving samples rather of what he might have done, than a full and rounded achievement, — yet samples so rich, so varied, so suggestive, that to thousands they have been the quickeners of new intellectual life, and that to this day they stand unequalled by anything his country has since produced. In one point, however, the friends are alike. They both turned aside from professional aims, devoted themselves to pure thought, set themselves to counterwork the mechanical and utilitarian bias of their time, and became the great spiritualizers of the thought of their countrymen, the fountain-heads from which has flowed most of what is high and unworldly and elevating in the thinking and speculation of the succeeding age.

It is indeed strange, that of Coleridge's philosophy, once so much talked of, and really so important in its influence, no comprehensive account has been ever attempted. The only attempt in this direction that we know of, is that made six years after Coleridge's death, and now more than twenty years ago, by one who has since become the chief expounder of that philosophy which

Coleridge laboured all his life to refute. In his well-known essay, Mr. Mill, while fully acknowledging that no other Englishman, save only his own teacher Bentham, had left so deep an impress on his age, yet turns aside from making a full survey of Coleridge's whole range of thought, precluded, as he confesses, by his own radical opposition to Coleridge's fundamental principles. After setting forth clearly the antagonistic schools of thought which, since the dawn of philosophy, have divided opinion as to the origin of knowledge, and after declaring his own firm adhesion to the sensational school, and his consequent inability to sympathize with Coleridge's metaphysical views, he passes from this part of the subject, and devotes the rest of his essay mainly to the consideration of Coleridge as a political philosopher. This, however, is but one, and that by no means the chief department of thought, to which Coleridge devoted himself. Had Mr. Mill felt disposed to give to the other and more important of Coleridge's speculations, — his views on metaphysics, on morals, and on religion, — as well as to his criticisms and his poetry, the same masterly treatment which he has given to his politics, any further attempt in that direction might have been spared. But it is characteristic of Mr. Mill, that, though gifted with a power which no other writer of his school possesses, of entering into lines of thought, and of apparently sympathizing with modes of feeling, most alien to his own, he still, after the widest sweep of appreciation, returns at last to the ground from which he started, and there entrenches himself within his original tenets as firmly as if he had never caught a glimpse of other and higher truths, with which his own principles are inconsistent.

Before we enter on the intellectual result of Coleridge's labours, and inquire what new elements he has added to British thought, it may be well to pause for a moment, and review briefly the well-known circumstances of his life. This will not only add a human interest to the more abstract thoughts which follow, but may perhaps help to make them better understood. And if, in contrast with the life of Wordsworth, and with its own splendid promise, the life of Coleridge is disappointing even to sadness, it has not the less for that a mournful interest; while the union of transcendent genius with infirmity of will and irregular impulses, the failure and the penitential regret, lend to his story a humanizing, even a tragic, pathos, which

touches our common nature more closely than any gifts of genius.

The vicarage of Ottery St. Mary's, Devonshire, was the birthplace and early home of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. As in Wordsworth, we said that his whole character was in keeping with his native Cumberland — the robust northern yeoman, only touched with genius — so the character of Coleridge, as far as it had any local hue, seems more native to South England. Is it fanciful to imagine that there was something in that character which accords well with the soft mild air, and the dreamy loveliness that rests on the blue coombes and sea-coves of South Devon? He was born on the 21st of October, 1772, the youngest child of ten by his father's second marriage with Anne Bowdon, said to have been a woman of strong practical sense, thrifty, industrious, very ambitious for her sons, but herself without any "tincture of letters." Plainly not from her, but wholly from his father, did Samuel Taylor take his temperament. The Rev. John Coleridge, sometime head-master of the Free Grammar School, afterwards vicar of the parish of Ottery St. Mary's, is described as, for his age, a great scholar, studious, immersed in books, altogether unknowing and regardless of the world and its ways, simple in nature and primitive in manners, heedless of passing events, and usually known as "the absent man." In a Latin grammar which he wrote for his pupils, he changed the case which Julius Cæsar named, from the ablative to the Quale-quare-quidditive, just as his son might have done had he ever taken to writing grammars. He wrote dissertations on portions of the Old Testament, showing the same sort of discursiveness which his son afterwards did on a larger scale. In his sermons, he used to quote the very words of the Hebrew Scriptures, till the country people used to exclaim admiringly, "How fine he was! He gave us the very words the Spirit spoke in." Of his absent fits and his other eccentricities many stories were long preserved in his own neighbourhood, which Coleridge used to tell to his friends at Highgate, till the tears ran down his face at the remembrance. Among other well-known stories, it is told that once when he had to go from home for several days, his wife packed his portmanteau with a shirt for each day, charging him strictly to be sure and use them. On his return, his wife, on opening the portmanteau, was surprised to find no

shirts there. On asking him to account for this, she found that he had duly obeyed her commands, and had put on a shirt every day, but each above the other. And there were all the shirts, not in the portmanteau, but on his own back. With all these eccentricities, he was a good and unworldly Christian pastor, much beloved and respected by his own people. Though Coleridge was only seven years old when his father was taken away by a sudden death, he remembered him to the last with deep reverence and love. "Oh that I might so pass away, if, like him, I were an Israelite without guile! The image of my father — my revered, kind, learned, simple-hearted father — is a religion to me."

During his childhood, he tells us, he never took part in the plays and games of his brothers, but sought refuge by his mother's side to read his little books and listen to the talk of his elders. If he played at all it was at cutting down nettles with a stick, and fancying them the seven champions of Christendom. He had, he says, the simplicity and docility of a child, but he never thought or spoke as a child.

But his childhood, such as it was, did not long last. At the age of nine he was removed to a school in the heart of London, Christ's Hospital, "an institution," says Charles Lamb, "to keep those who yet hold up their heads in the world from sinking." The presentation to this charity school, no doubt a great thing for the youngest of so many sons, was obtained through the influence of Judge Buller, formerly one of his father's pupils. "O what a change," writes Coleridge in after years, from home to this city school: depressed, moping, friendless, a poor orphan, half-starved!" Of this school Charles Lamb, the school companion, and through life the firm friend of Coleridge, has left two descriptions in his delightful Essays. Everything in the world has, they say, two sides; certainly Christ's Hospital must have had. One cannot imagine any two things more unlike than the picture which Lamb draws of the school in his first essay and that in the second. The first sets forth the look which the school wore to Lamb himself, a London boy, with his family close at hand, ready to welcome him at all hours, and ready to send him daily supplies of additional food, and with influential friends among the trustees, who, if he had wrongs, would soon see them righted. The second shows the stepdame side it turned on Coleridge, an orphan from the country, with no friends at hand, moping, half-starved, "for

in those days the food of the Blue-coats was cruelly insufficient for those who had no friends to supply them." Any one who cares to see these things sketched off as no other could sketch them, may turn to Lamb's essay, *Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago*. "To this late hour of my life," he represents Coleridge as saying, "I trace impressions left by the recollection of those friendless holidays. The long warm days of summer never return, but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those whole-day leaves, when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out for the livelong day upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to or none. I remember those bathing excursions to the New River. How merrily we would sally forth into the fields, and strip under the first warmth of the sun, and wanton like young dace in the streams, getting us appetites for noon, which those of us that were penniless (our scanty morning crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying; the very beauty of the day, and the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty setting a keener edge upon them! How faint and languid, finally, we would return towards nightfall to our desired morsel, half-rejoicing, half-reluctant that the hours of our uneasy liberty had expired." In one of these bathing excursions Coleridge swam the New River in his clothes, and let them dry in the fields on his back. This laid the first seeds of those rheumatic pains and that prolonged bodily suffering which never afterwards left him, and which did so much to frustrate the rich promise of his youth.

In the lower school at Christ's the time was spent in idleness, and little was learnt. But even then Coleridge was a devourer of books, and this appetite was fed by a strange accident, which, though often told, must here be repeated once again. One day as the lower schoolboy walked down the Strand, going with his arms as if in the act of swimming, he touched the pocket of a passer-by. "What, so young and so wicked!" exclaimed the stranger, at the same time seizing the boy for a pickpocket. "I am not a pickpocket; I only thought I was Leander swimming the Hellespont." The capturer, who must have been a man of some feeling, was so struck with the answer, and with the intelligence as well as simplicity of the boy, that instead of handing him over to the police, he subscribed to a library, that thence Coleridge might in future get his fill of books. In a short time he read right through the catalogue and exhausted the library. While



Coleridge was thus idling his time in the lower school, Middleton, an elder boy, afterwards writer on the Greek article and Bishop of Calcutta, found him one day sitting in a corner and reading Virgil by himself, not as a lesson, but for pleasure. Middleton reported this to Dr. Bowyer, then head-master of the school, who, on questioning the master of the lower school about Coleridge, was told that he was a dull scholar, could never repeat a single rule of syntax, but was always ready to give one of his own. Henceforth Coleridge was under the head-master's eye, and soon passed into the upper school to be under his immediate care. Dr. Bowyer was one of the stern old disciplinarians of those days, who had boundless faith in the lash. Coleridge was one of those precocious boys who might easily have been converted into a prodigy, had that been the fashion at the time. But, "thank Heaven," he said, "I was flogged instead of flattered." He was so ordinary looking a boy, with his great black head, that Bowyer, when he had flogged him, generally ended with an extra cut, "For you are such an ugly fellow." When he was fifteen, Coleridge, in order to get rid of school, wished to be apprenticed to a shoemaker and his wife, who had been kind to him. On the day when some of the boys were to be apprenticed to trades, Crispin appeared and sued for Coleridge. The head-master, on hearing the proposal, and Coleridge's assent, hurled the tradesman from the room with such violence, that had this last been litigiously inclined, he might have sued the doctor for assault. And so Coleridge used to joke, "I lost the opportunity of making safeguards, for the *understandings* of those who will never thank me for what I am trying to do in exercising their reason."

While Coleridge was at school, one of his brothers was attending the London Hospital, and from his frequent visits there the Blue-coat boy imbibed a love of surgery and doctoring, and was for a time set on making this his profession. He devoured English, Latin, and Greek books of medicine voraciously, and had by heart a whole Latin medical dictionary. But this dream gave way, or led on to rage for metaphysics, which set him on a course of abstruse reading, and finally landed him in Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary*, after perusing which, he sported infidel. When this new turn reached Bowyer's ears, he sent for Coleridge. "So, sirrah! you are an infidel, are you? Then I'll flog your infidelity out of you." So saying, the doctor administered the severest, and, as Coleridge used to

say, the only just flogging he ever received. Of this stern scholastic Lamb has left the following portrait:—

"He had two wigs, both pedantic, but of different omen. The one serene, smiling, powdered, betokening a mild day. The other, an old discoloured, unkempt, angry caxon, denoting frequent and bloody execution. Woe to the school when he made his morning appearance in his 'Passy,' or passionate wig. Nothing was more common than to see him make a headlong entry into the schoolroom from his inner recess or library, and with turbulent eye, singling out a lad, roar out, 'Ods my life, sirrah (his favourite adjuration), I have a great mind to whip you,' then with as retracting an impulse fling back into his lair, and then, after a cooling relapse of some minutes (during which al) but the culprit had totally forgotten the context), drive headlong out again, picking out his imperfect sense, as if it had been some devil's litany, with the expletory yell, 'and I will, too.' In his gentler moods he had resort to an ingenious method, peculiar, for what I have heard, to himself, of whipping a boy, and reading the *Debates* at the same time—a paragraph and a lash between." . . . "Perhaps," adds Lamb, "we cannot dismiss him better than with the pious ejaculation of Coleridge (the joke was no doubt Lamb's own) when he heard that his old master was on his deathbed, 'Poor J. B., may all his faults be forgiven, and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all head and wings, with no bottoms to reproach his sublunary infirmities.'"

How much of all this may be Lamb's love of fun one cannot say. Coleridge always spoke of Dr. Bowyer with grateful affection. In his literary life he speaks of having enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though severe master; one who taught him to prefer Demosthenes to Cicero, Homer and Theocritus to Virgil, and Virgil to Ovid; who accustomed his pupils to compare Lucræti, Terence, and the purer poems of Catullus, not only with "the Roman poets of the silver, but even with those of the Augustan era, and on grounds of plain sense and universal logic, to see the superiority of the former in the truth and nativeness both of their thoughts and diction." This doctrine was wholesome, though rare in those days, not so common even now, so much so that some have supposed that in these and other lessons with which Coleridge credited Dr. Bowyer, he was but reflecting back on his master from his own after thoughts.

While Coleridge was being thus wholesomely drilled in the great ancient models, his own poetic power began to put forth some buds. Up to the age of fifteen, his school verses were not beyond the mark of

a clever schoolboy. At sixteen, however, the genius cropped out. The first ray of it appears in a short allegory, written at the latter age, and entitled "Real and Imaginary Time." The opening lines are —

"On the wide level of a mountain's head,  
I knew not where; but 'twas some faery place."

In that short piece, short and slight as it is, there is a real touch of his after spirit and melody.

During those years when he was in the upper school, metaphysics and controversial theology struggled some time with poetry for the mastery; but at last, under the combined influence of a first love and of Bowles' poems, he was led clear of the bewildering maze, and poetry for some years was paramount. It may seem strange now that Bowles' sonnets and early poems, which Coleridge then met with for the first time, should have produced on him so keen an impression of novelty. But so it often happens that what was, on its first appearance, quite original, looked back upon in after years, when it has been absorbed into the general taste, seems to lose more than half its freshness. There can be no doubt of the powerful effect that Bowles had on Coleridge's dawning powers; that he opened the young poet's eyes to what was false and meretricious in the courtly school from Pope to Darwin, and made him feel that here, for the first time in contemporary poetry, natural thought was combined with natural diction — heart reconciled with head. To those who care for these things, it would be worth while to turn to the first chapter of Coleridge's *Literary Life*, and see there the first fermenting of his poetic taste and principles. But during those last school years, while his mind was thus expanding, and while his existence was a more tolerable, in some respects even a happy one, he was suffering much in that body, in which throughout life he had to endure so much. Full half his time from seventeen to eighteen was passed in the sick-ward, afflicted with jaundice and rheumatic fever, inherent it may be in his constitution, but doubtless not lessened by those swimmings over the New River in his clothes. But, above these sufferings, which were afterwards so heavily to weigh him down, Coleridge, during his early years, had a buoyancy of heart which enabled him to rise, and to hide them from ordinary observers. Having dwelt thus long on Coleridge's school-days, because they are very fully recorded, and contain as in miniature both the strength and the

weakness of the full-grown man, we may close them with Lamb's description of Coleridge, as he appeared in retrospect of Lamb's school companions: —

"Come back to my memory like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee — the dark pillar not yet turned — Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and the garb of the young *Mirandula*), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of *Iâmblichus* or *Plotinus*; for even then thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts; or reciting *Homer* in his Greek, or *Pindar*; while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed the accents of the inspired charity boy!"

It is hardly possible to conceive two school times more unlike than this of Coleridge at Christ's, pent into the heart of London city, and that of Wordsworth at Hawkshead, free of Esthwaite Mere, and all the surrounding solitudes. And yet each, as well in habits and teaching as in outward scenery and circumstance, answers strangely to the characters and after lives of the two friends.

Coleridge entered Jesus College, Cambridge, in February 1791, just a month after Wordsworth had quitted the University. On neither of the poets did their University life leave much impression. For neither was that the place and the hour. Coleridge for a time, under the influence of his elder friend Middleton, was industrious, read hard, and obtained the prize for the Greek Sapphic ode. It was on some subject about slavery, and was better in its thoughts than its Greek. Afterwards he tried for the Craven Scholarship, in which contest his rivals were Keate, afterwards head-master of Eton, Bethell, who became an M.P. for Yorkshire, and Butler, the future head of Shrewsbury School and Bishop of Lichfield, who won the scholarship. Out of sixteen or seventeen competitors, Coleridge was selected along with these three; but he was not the style of man to come out great in University competitions. He had not that exactness and readiness which are needed for these trials; and he wanted entirely the competitive ardour which is with many so powerful an incentive. After this there is no more notice of regular work. His heart was elsewhere — in poetry, with Bowles for guide; in philosophy, with Hartley, who had belonged to his own college, for master; and in politics, which then filled

all ardent young minds even to passionate intoxication. For the French Revolution was then in its first frenzy, promising liberty, virtue, regeneration to the old and outworn world. Into that vortex of boundless hope and wild delirium what high-minded youth could keep from plunging? Not Coleridge. "In the general conflagration," he writes, "my feelings and imagination did not remain unkindled. I should have been ashamed rather than proud of myself if they had." Pamphlets were pouring from the press on the great subjects then filling all men's minds; and whenever one appeared from the pen of Burke or other man of power, Coleridge, who had read it in the morning, repeated it every word to his friends gathered round their small supper-tables. Presently one Friend, a fellow of Jesus College, being accused of sedition, of defamation of the Church of England, and of holding Unitarian doctrines, was tried by the authorities, condemned, and banished the University. Coleridge sided zealously with Friend, not only from the sympathy which generous youth always feel for the persecuted, but also because he had himself adopted those Unitarian and other principles for which Friend was ejected. Hence would come a growing disaffection, which must have been weakening his attachment to his University, when other circumstances arose, which, in his second year of residence, brought his Cambridge career to a sudden close. The loss of his trusty friend and guide Middleton, who, failing in his final examination, quitted the University without obtaining a fellowship; and the pressure of some college debts, less than £100, incurred through his own inexperience, drove Coleridge into despondency. He went to London, and wandered hopelessly about the streets, and at night sat down on the steps of a house in Chancery Lane, where, being soon surrounded by swarms of beggars, real or feigned, he emptied to them the little money that remained in his pockets. In the morning, seeing an advertisement—"Wanted Recruits for the 15th Light Dragoons," he said to himself, "Well, I have hated all my life soldiers and horses; the sooner I cure myself of that the better." He enlisted as Private Comberbach, a name, the truth of which he himself was wont to say, his horse must have fully appreciated. A rare sight it must have been to see Coleridge perched on some hard-set, rough-trotting trooper, and undergoing his first lessons in the riding-school, with the riding-master shouting out to the rest of the awkward squad, "Take care of that Comber-

bach; he'll ride over you." For the grooming of his horse and other mechanical duties Coleridge was dependent on the kindness of his comrades, with whom he was a great favourite. Their services he repaid by writing all their letters to their wives and sweethearts. At last the following sentence written up in the stable under his saddle, "*Eheu, quam infortuni, miserrimum est fuisse felicem*," revealed his real condition to a captain who had Latin enough to translate the words, and heart enough to feel them. About the same time an old Cambridge acquaintance, passing through Reading on his way to join his regiment, met Coleridge in the street in dragoon dress, stopped him when he would have passed, and informed his friends. After about four months' service he was bought off, returned to Cambridge, stayed there but a short time, and finally left in June, 1794, without taking a degree.

Then followed what may be called his Bristol period, including his first friendship with Southey, their dream of emigration, their marriage, Coleridge's first attempts at authorship, and his many ineffectual plans for settling what he used to call the Bread and Cheese Question. On leaving Cambridge he went to Oxford, and there met with Southey, still an undergraduate at Balliol, whose friendship, quickly formed, became one of the main hinges on which Coleridge's after life turned. Their tastes and opinions on religion and politics were then at one, though their characters were widely different. Southey, with far less genius than Coleridge, possessed that firmness of will, that definite aim and practical wisdom, the want of which was the bane of Coleridge's life. Southey's high and pure disposition and consistent conduct, combined with much mental power and literary acquirement, awakened in Coleridge an admiring sense of the duty and dignity of making actions accord with principles, both in word and deed. In after years Southey was to Coleridge a faithful monitor in word, and a friend firm and self-denying in deed. Morally, we must say that he rose as much above Coleridge, as in genius he fell below him. But at their first meeting, pure and high-minded as Southey was, he had not so fixed his views, or so systematically ordered his life, as he soon after did. He too had been stirred at heart, as Coleridge and Wordsworth also were, by the moral earthquake of the French Revolution. Enthusiastically democratic in politics and Unitarian in religion, he at once responded to the day-dream of Pantisocracy, which Coleridge

opened to him at Oxford. This was a plan of founding a community in America, where a band of brothers, cultivated and pure-minded, were to have all things in common, and selfishness was to be unknown. The common land was to be tilled by the common toil of the men; the wives, for all were to be married, were to perform all household duties, and abundant leisure was to remain over for social intercourse, or to pursue literature, or in more pensive moods

"Soothed sadly by the dirgeful wind  
Muse on the sore ills they had left behind."

The banks of Susquehanna were to be this earthly paradise, chosen more for the melody of the name than for any ascertained advantages. Indeed, they hardly seem to have known exactly where it was. Southey soon left Balliol, and the two friends went to Bristol, Southey's native town, there to prepare for carrying out the Pantisocratic dream. Such visions have been not only dreamed since then, but carried out by enthusiastic youths, and the result leaves no reason to regret that Coleridge's and Southey's project never got further than being a dream. Want of money was, as usual, the immediate cause of the failure; everything else had been provided for, but when it came to the point it was found that neither the two leaders, nor any of the other friends who had embarked in the scheme, had money enough to pay their passage to America. Southey was the first to see how matters stood and to recant. At this Coleridge was greatly disgusted, and gave vent to his disappointment in vehement language. The scheme was abandoned early in 1795, and the two young poets, having been for some time in love, with two sisters of a Bristol family, were married, Coleridge in October of that year to Sarah Fricker, and Southey six weeks later to her sister Edith.

Marriage, of course, brought the money question home to Coleridge more closely than Pantisocracy had done. And the three or four following years were occupied with attempts to solve it. But his ability was not of the money-making order, nor did his habits, natural or acquired, give even such ability as he had a fair chance in the toil for bread. First he tried lecturing to the Bristol folks on the political subjects of the time, and on religious questions. But either the lectures did not pay, or Coleridge did not stick to them steadily, so they were soon given up, and afterwards published as *Conciones ad Populum*, Coleridge's first prose work. Attacking with equal ve-

hemence Pitt, the great minister of the day, and his opponents, the English Jacobins, Coleridge showed in this his earliest, as in his latest works, that he was not an animal that could be warranted to run quietly in the harness of any party, and that those who looked to him to do this work were sure of an upset. Coleridge's next enterprise was the publication of a weekly miscellany; its contents were to range over nearly the same subjects as those now discussed in the best weeklies, and its aim was to be, as announced in the motto, that "all may know the truth, and that the truth may make us free." But powerful as he would have been as a contributor, Coleridge was not the man to conduct such an undertaking, least of all to do so single-handed. The most notable thing about *The Watchman* was the tour he made through the Midland county towns with a flaming prospectus, "Knowledge is power," to cry the political atmosphere. One of the most amusing descriptions Coleridge ever wrote is that of his encounter with the Birmingham tallow-chandler, with hair like candle-wicks, and face pinguin-tescent, for it was a melting day with him. After Coleridge had harangued the man of dips for half an hour, and run through every note in the whole gamut of eloquence, now reasoning, now declaiming, now indignant, now pathetic, on the state of the world as it is compared with what it should be; at the first pause in the harangue the tallow-chandler interposed:—

"And what might the cost be?" "Only *Four Pence* (O the ante-climax, the abysmal bathos of that *Four Pence*!) only four-pence, sir, each number." "That comes to a deal of money at the end of a year; and how much did you say there was to be for the money?" "Thirty-two pages, sir! large octavo, closely printed." "Thirty and two pages? Bless me, except what I does in a family way on the Sabbath, that's more than I ever reads, sir, all the year round. I am as great a one as any man in Brummagem, sir! for liberty and truth, and all that sort of things, but as to this (no offence, I hope, sir) I must beg to be excused."

But notwithstanding this repulse Coleridge returned to Bristol triumphant with above a thousand subscribers' names, and having left on the minds of all who heard his wonderful conversation an impression that survived long after *The Watchman* with all it contained was forgotten. The first number of *The Watchman* appeared on the 1st of March, the tenth and last on the 13th of May 1796. From various causes, delay in publishing beyond the fixed day, offence



given to the religious subscribers by an essay against fast-days, to his democratic patrons by inveighing against Jacobinism and French philosophy, to the Tories by abuse of Pitt, to the Whigs by not more heartily backing Fox, the subscription list rapidly thinned, and he was glad to close the concern at a dead loss of money to himself, not to mention his wasted labour. Though this failure was to him a very serious matter, he could still laugh heartily at the ludicrous side of it. He tells how one morning when he had risen earlier than usual, he found the servant girl lighting the fire with an extravagant quantity of paper. On his remonstrating against the waste, "La, sir!" replied poor Nanny, "why, it's only *The Watchman*."

The third of the Bristol enterprises was the publication of his *Juvenile Poems*, in the April of 1796, while *The Watchman* was still struggling for existence. For the copyright of these he received thirty guineas from Joseph Cottle, a Bristol bookseller, who to his own great credit undertook to publish the earliest works of Southey, of Coleridge, and of Wordsworth, at a time when those higher in the trade would have nothing to say to them. If Cottle long afterwards, when their names had waxed great, published a somewhat gossiping book of reminiscences, and gave to the public many petty details which a wiser man would have withheld, it should always be remembered to his honour, that he showed true kindness and liberality towards these men, especially towards Coleridge, when he greatly needed it, and that he had a genuine admiration of their genius for its own sake, quite apart from its marketable value. No doubt, if any one wishes to see the seamy side of genius he will find it in the letters and anecdotes of Coleridge preserved in Cottle's book. But though these details, petty and painful as they are, in any complete estimate of Coleridge's character are not to be disregarded, in this brief notice we gladly pass them by.

Other plans for a livelihood were ventilated during this Bristol sojourn, such as writing for the *Morning Chronicle* and taking private pupils, but as these came to nought, we need only notice one other line in which Coleridge's energies found at this time occasional vent, which he once, at least, thought of taking up as a profession. We have seen that before leaving Cambridge he had become an Unitarian, and so he continued till about the time of his visit to Germany. While he was in Bristol he was engaged from time to time to preach in the

Unitarian chapels in the neighbourhood. The subjects which he there discussed seem to have been somewhat miscellaneous, and the reports of his success vary. Nothing can be more dreary, if it were not grotesque, than Cottle's description of his *début* as a preacher in an Unitarian chapel in Bath. On the appointed Sunday morning, Coleridge, Cottle, and party, drove from Bristol to Bath in a post-chaise. Coleridge mounted the pulpit in blue coat and white waistcoat, and for the morning service, choosing a text from Isaiah, treated his audience to a lecture against the Corn Laws; and, in the afternoon, he gave them another on the Hair-Powder Tax. The congregation at the latter service consisted of seventeen, of whom several walked out of the chapel during the service. The party returned to Bristol disheartened, Coleridge from a sense of failure, the others with a dissatisfying sense of a Sunday wasted. Compare this with Hazlitt's account of his appearance sometime afterwards before a Birmingham congregation:—

"It was in January, 1798, that I rose one morning before daylight, to walk ten miles in the mud to hear this celebrated person preach. Never, the longest day I have to live, shall I have such another walk as that cold, raw, comfortless one. When I got there the organ was playing the 100th Psalm, and when it was done, Mr. Coleridge arose and gave out his text, 'He departed again into a mountain himself alone.' As he gave out this text, his voice rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes; and when he came to the two last words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sound had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The preacher then launched into his subject, like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon peace and war, upon Church and State—not their alliance, but their separation; on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity—not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had inscribed the cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore. He made a poetical and pastoral excursion, and to show the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd boy, driving his team a-field, or sitting under the hawthorn, piping to his flock as though he never should be old; and the same poor country lad, crimped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned into a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder and pomatum, a long cue at his back, and tricked out in the finery of the profession of blood.

"Such were the notes our own loved poet sung."

"And for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres. Poetry and Philosophy had met together, Truth and Genius had embraced, under the eye and sanction of Religion. This was even beyond my hopes."

Which of the two was right in his estimate of Coleridge's preaching, Cottle or Hazlitt? Or were both right, and is the difference to be accounted for by Coleridge, like most men of genius, having his days when he was now above himself and now fell below? With one more passage from Hazlitt, descriptive of his talk at that time, we may close his Bristol life:—

"He is the only person I ever knew who answered to the idea of a man of genius. He is the only person from whom I ever learned anything. There is only one thing he might have learned from me in return, but that he has not. He was the first poet I ever knew. His genius at that time had angelic wings, and fed on manna. He talked on for ever; and you wished him to talk on for ever. His thoughts did not seem to come with labour and effort; but as if borne on the gusts of genius, and as if the wings of imagination lifted him off his feet. His voice rolled on the ear like a pealing organ, and its sound alone was the music of thought. His mind was clothed with wings; and raised on them he lifted philosophy to heaven. In his descriptions, you then saw the progress of human happiness and liberty in bright and never-ending succession, like the steps of Jacob's ladder, with airy shapes ascending and descending. And shall I who heard him then, listen to him now? Not I! That spell is broke; that time is gone for ever; that voice is heard no more; but still the recollection comes rushing by with thoughts of long-past years, and rings in my ears with never-dying sound."

It is pitiful to turn from such high-flown descriptions to the glimpses of poverty and painful domestic cares which his letters of this date exhibit. Over these we would gladly draw the veil. Whoso wishes to linger on them may turn him to Cottle. There are many more incidents of this time which we can but name: his residence for some months in a rose-bound cottage in the neighbouring village of Clevedon; the birth of his first son, whom he named Hartley, for love of the philosopher; his complete reconciliation with Southey on his return from Portugal. One little entry, in a letter of November, 1796, is sadly memorable as the first appearance of

"The little rift within the lute,  
Which soon will make the music mute."

He complains of a violent neuralgic pain in

the face, which for the time was like to overpower him. "But," he writes, "I took between sixty and seventy drops of laudanum, and sopped the Cerberus." That sop was soon to become the worst Cerberus of the two.

It was early in 1797 that Coleridge moved with his family from Bristol, and pitched his tent in the village of Nether Stowey, under the green hills of Quantock. One of the kindest and most hospitable of his friends, Mr. Poole, had a place hard by; and Coleridge having in June made a visit to Wordsworth at Racedown, persuaded this young poet, and his scarcely less original sister, to adjourn thence to the neighbouring mansion of Alfoxden. With such friends for daily intercourse, with the most delightful country for walks on every side, and with apparently fewer embarrassments, Coleridge here enjoyed the most genial and happy years that were ever granted him in his changeful existence. "Wherever we turn we have woods, smooth downs, and valleys, with small brooks running down them, through green meadows to the sea. The hills that cradle these valleys are either covered with ferns and bilberries or oak woods. Walks extend for miles over the hill tops, the great beauty of which is their wild simplicity; they are perfectly smooth, without rocks." Over these green hills of Quantock the two young poets wandered for hours together, rapt in fervid talk: Coleridge, no doubt, the chief speaker, Wordsworth not the less suggestive. Never before or since have these downs heard such high converse. "His society I found an invaluable blessing, and to him I looked up with equal reverence as a poet, a philosopher, and a man." So wrote Coleridge in after years. By this time Wordsworth had given himself wholly to poetry as his work for life. Alfoxden saw the birth of many of the happiest, most characteristic of his shorter poems. Coleridge had some years before this, when he first fell in with Wordsworth's *Descriptive Sketches*, found even in these the opening of a new vein. He himself, too, had from time to time turned aside from more perplexing studies, and found poetry to be its own exceeding great reward. But in this Nether Stowey time Coleridge came all at once to his poetic manhood. Whether it was the freedom from the material ills of life which he found in the aid and kindly shelter of Mr. Poole, or the secluded beauty of the Quantock, or the converse with Wordsworth, or all combined, that stirred him, there cannot be any doubt that this was, as it has been called,

his *annus mirabilis*, his poetic prime. This was the year of *Genevieve*, *The Dark Lady*, *Kubla Khan*, *France*, the lines to Wordsworth on first hearing *The Prelude* read aloud, the *Ancient Mariner*, and the first part of *Christabel*, not to mention many other poems of less mark. The occasion which called forth the two latter poems, to form part of a joint volume with Wordsworth, has been elsewhere noticed. But if Coleridge could have only maintained the high strain he then struck, with half the persistency of his brother poet, posterity may perhaps have reason to regret that he should ever have turned to other subjects. During all his time at Nether Stowey he kept up a fire of small letters to Cottle in Bristol, at one time about poems or other literary projects, at another asking Cottle to find him a servant-maid, "simple of heart, physiognomically handsome, and scientific in vaccinulgence!" When they had composed poems enough to form one or more joint volumes, Cottle is summoned from Bristol to visit them. Cottle drove Wordsworth thence to Alfoxden in his gig, picking up Coleridge at Nether Stowey. They had brought the viands for their dinner with them in the gig: a loaf, a stout piece of cheese, and a bottle of brandy. As they neared their landing-place, a beggar, whom they helped with some pence, returned their kindness by helping himself to the cheese from the back of the gig. Arrived at the place, Coleridge unyoked the horse, dashed down the gig shafts with a jerk, which rolled the brandy bottle from the seat, and broke it to pieces before their eyes. Then Cottle set to unharnessing the horse, but could not get off the collar. Wordsworth next essayed it, with no better success. At last Coleridge came to the charge, and worked away with such violence that he nearly thraved the poor horse's head off his neck. He too was forced to desist, with a protest that "the horse's head must have grown since the collar was put on." While the two poets and their publisher were standing thus non-plussed, the servant-girl happened to pass through the stable-yard, and seeing their perplexity, exclaimed, "La! master, you don't go about the work the right way, you should do it like this." So saying, she turned the collar upside down, and slipped it off in a trice. Then came the dinner, "a superb brown loaf, a dish of lettuces, and, instead of the brandy, a jug of pure water." The bargain was struck, and Cottle undertook the publication of the first edition of the famous *Lyrical Ballads*, which appeared

about Midsummer 1798. About the same time the two Messrs. Wedgewood, settled on Coleridge £150 a year for life, which made him think no more of Unitarian chapels, and enabled him to undertake, what he had for some time longed for, a continental tour. In September of that year the two poets bade farewell, Wordsworth, with his sister, to Alfoxden, Coleridge to Nether Stowey, and together set sail for Hamburg.

So ended the Nether Stowey time, to Coleridge the brief blink of a poetic morning which had no noon; to Wordsworth but the fresh dawn of a day which completely fulfilled itself.

Landed at Hamburg, Wordsworth was interpreter, as he had French, Coleridge nothing but English and Latin. After having an interview with the aged poet Klopstock, the two young poets parted company, Wordsworth, with his sister, settling at Goslar, there to compose, by the German firestoves, the poems on *Matthew*, *Nutting*, *Ruth*, the *Poet's Epitaph*, and others, in his happiest vein; while Coleridge made for Ratzeburg, where he lived for four months in a pastor's family, to learn the language, and then passed on to Göttingen to attend lectures, and consort with German students and professors. Among the lectures were those of Blumenbach on Natural History, while Eichhorn's lectures on the New Testament were repeated to him from notes by a student who had himself taken them down. Wordsworth kept sending Coleridge the poems he was throwing off during this prolific winter, and Coleridge replied in letters full of hope that their future homes might be in the same neighbourhood: "Whenever I spring forward into the future with noble affections, I always alight by your side." His whole time in Germany, he seems to have overflowed with exuberant spirits and manifold life. "Instead of troubling others with my own crude notions, I was better employed in storing my head with the notions of others. I made the best use of my time and means, and there is no period of my life to which I look back with such unmingled satisfaction." He had passed within a zone of thought new to himself, and up to that time quite unknown in England; one of the great intellectual movements such as occur but rarely, and at long intervals, in the world's history. The philosophic genius of Germany, which awoke in Kant during the latter part of last century, is an impulse the most original, the most far reaching, and the most profound, which Europe has of late years seen. It has given birth to linguistic

science, has re-cast metaphysics, and has penetrated history, poetry, and theology. For good or for evil, it must be owned that, under the shadow of this great movement, the world is now living, and is likely to live more or less for some time to come. Perhaps we should not call it German philosophy, for philosophy is but one side of a great power which is swaying not only the world's thought, but those feelings which are the parents of its thoughts, as well as of its actions and events. If asked to give in a sentence the spirit of this great movement, most men in this country would feel constrained to answer, as the great German sage is reported to have answered Cousin, "These things do not sum themselves up in single sentences." If any one still insists, we would refer him to some adroit French critic who will formularize the whole thing for him in a word, or at most a phrase. Into this great atmosphere, however we define it, then seething and fermenting, it was that Coleridge passed. Most of his fourteen months were, no doubt, given to acquiring the language, but he could not mingle with those professors and students without catching some tincture of that way of thought which was then busy in all brains. It was not, however, till after his return to England that he studied Kant and other German philosophers. His name will ever be historically associated with the first introduction of these new thoughts to the English mind, which having been for more than a century deluged to repletion with Lockianism, was now sadly in need of some other aliment. Some have reviled Coleridge because he did not know the whole cycles of thought so fully as they suppose that they themselves do. As if anything, especially German philosophy so all-embracing as these, can be taken in completely all at once; as if the first delver in any mine ever yet extracted the entire ore. But to such impugnors it were enough to say, We shall listen with more patience to your accusations, when you have done one-half as much to bring home the results of German thought to the educated British mind, as Coleridge by his writings has done.

The first fruits, however, of his newly acquired German were poetic, not philosophical. Arriving in London in November 1799, he set to work to translate Schiller's *Wallenstein*, and accomplished in three weeks what many competent judges regard as, notwithstanding some inaccuracies, the best translation of any poem into the English language. It is a free translation, with

here and there some lines of Coleridge's own added where the meaning seemed to him to require it. At the time, the translation fell almost dead from the press, but since that day it has come to be prized as it deserves.

In the autumn of 1799, Coleridge joined Wordsworth on a tour among the Lakes, that tour on which the latter fixed on the Town End of Grasmere for his future home. This was Coleridge's first entry into a really mountainous country. Rydal and Grasmere, he says, gave him the deepest delight; Hawes Water kept his eyes dim with tears. During the last days of the year, Wordsworth, with his sister, walked over the Yorkshire fells, and settled in their new home. Coleridge had to return to London, and labour till near the close of 1802, writing for the *Morning Post*. About Coleridge's contributions to that paper, there has been maintained, since his death, a debate which hardly concerns us here. Enough to say that having originally agreed with Fox in opposing the French war of 1800, and having at that time written violently against Pitt in the *Morning Post* and elsewhere, he was gradually separated from the leader of the opposition by the independent view he took against Napoleon, as the character of the military despot gradually unfolded itself. Coleridge passed over to the Tories, as he himself says,

"only in the sense in which all patriots did so at that time, by refusing to accompany the Whigs in their almost perfidious demeanour towards Napoleon. Anti-ministerial they styled their policy, but it was really anti-national. It was exclusively in relation to the great feud with Napoleon that I adhered to the Tories. But because this feud was so capital, so earth shaking, that it occupied all hearts, and all the councils of Europe, suffering no other question almost to live in the neighbourhood, hence it happened that he who joined the Tories in this was regarded as their ally in everything. Domestic politics were then in fact forgotten."

But though he thus was constrained to come round to Pitt's foreign policy, he never, that we know, recanted the invectives with which he assailed that minister in 1800. There is still extant, among "The Essays on his Own Times," a well-known character of Pitt from the pen of Coleridge, which appeared in the *Morning Post*. Coleridge, in general fair-minded and far-seeing, had one or two strange and unaccountable antipathies to persons, which Wilson mentions, and this against Pitt was perhaps the strongest and the blindest. On the day that the



character of Pitt appeared, the character of Buonaparte was promised for "to-morrow," but that to-morrow never arrived. What the portrait would have been may perhaps be gathered from a paragraph on the same subject, contained in Appendix B. to the *First Lay Sermon*. The will, dissevered from moral feeling and religion,

"becomes Satanic pride and rebellious self-idolatry in the relations of the spirit to itself, and remorseless despotism relatively to others; the more hopeless as the more obdurate by its subjugation of sensual impulses, by its superiority to toil and pain and pleasure; in short, by the fearful resolve to find in itself alone the one absolute motive of action, under which all other motives from within and from without must be either subordinated or crushed. . . . This is the character which Milton has so philosophically, as well as sublimely, embodied in the Satan of his *Paradise Lost*:—Hope in which there is no cheerfulness; steadfastness within and immovable resolve, with outward restlessness and immovable activity; violence with guile; temerity with cunning; and, as the result of all, interminableness of object with perfect indifference of means—these are the marks that have characterized the masters of mischief, the liberticides, and mighty hunters of mankind, from Nimrod to Buonaparte. . . . By want of insight into the possibility of such a character, whole nations have been so far duped as to regard with palliative admiration, instead of wonder and abhorrence, the Molochs of human nature, who are indebted for the larger portion of their meteoric success to their total want of principle, and who surpass the generality of their fellow-creatures in one act of courage only, that of daring to say with their whole heart, 'Evil, be thou my good!' All system is so far power; and a systematic criminal, self-consistent and entire in wickedness, who entrenches villany within villany, and barricades crime by crime, has removed a world of obstacles by the mere decision, that he will have no other obstacles but those of force and brute matter."

It must have been early in 1801 that Coleridge turned his back on London for a time, and on the *Morning Post*, and migrated with his family to the Lakes, and settled at Greta Hall, the landlord of which was a Mr. Jackson, the "Master" of Wordsworth's poem of the *Waggoner*; for from this house, destined to become Southey's permanent earthly home, as early as April of that year, Coleridge thus writes describing his new home to Southey, then in Portugal:—

"In front we have a giant's camp, an encamped army of tent-like mountains which, by an inverted arch, gives a view of another vale. On our right the lovely vale and wedge-shaped

lake of Bassenthwaite; and on our left, Derwentwater and Lodore in full view, and the fantastic mountains of Borrowdale. Behind us the massy Skiddaw, smooth, green, high, with two chasms and a tent-like ridge in the larger. A fairer scene you have not seen in all your wanderings."

There Southey soon joined Coleridge, and the two kindred families shared Greta Hall together, a common home with two doors.

Coleridge was now at the full manhood of his powers, he was about thirty, and the time was come when the marvellous promise of his youth ought to have had its fulfilment. He was surrounded with a country which, if any could, might have inspired him, with friends beside him who loved, and were ready in any way to aid him. But the next fifteen years, the prime strength of his life, when his friends looked for fruit, and he himself felt that it was due, were all but unproductive. The *Ode to Dejection*, written at the beginning of the Lake time, and *Youth and Age*, written just before its close, with two or three more short pieces, are all his poetry of this period, and they fitly represent the sinking of heart and hope which were now too habitual with him. What was the cause of all this failure? Bodily disease, no doubt, in some measure, and the languor of disease depressing a will by nature weakly irresolute. But more than these, there was a worm at the root, that was sapping his powers, and giving fatale effect to his natural infirmities. This process had already set in, but it was some years yet before the result was fully manifest. During these first years at the Lakes, though Greta was his home, Coleridge, according to De Quincey, was more often to be found at Grasmere. This retirement, for such it then was, had for him three attractions, a loveliness more complete than that of Derwentwater, an interesting and pastoral people, not to be found at Keswick, and, above all, the society of Wordsworth. It was about this time that there arose the name of the Lake School, a mere figment of the *Edinburgh Review*, which it invented to express its dislike to three original writers, all unlike each other, but who agreed in nothing so much as in their opposition to the hard and narrow spirit which was the leading inspiration of the *Edinburgh*. How unlike Wordsworth and Coleridge really were, in their way of thinking and working, may be now clearly seen by comparing the works they have left behind. And as for Southey and Wordsworth, they had nothing at all in common, and were not even on friendly terms till

ten years after the Lake School was first talked of. Likely enough Coleridge found Wordsworth more original and suggestive than Southey. The singleness and wholeness of moral purpose which inspired the lives of both his friends, must have been to Coleridge a continual rebuke; and Southey, perhaps, if we may argue from his letters, on the strength of his near relationship, and his greater opportunities of seeing the domestic unhappiness caused by Coleridge's neglect, may have added to the silent reproof of his example, admonitions more openly expressed. In August 1803, Wordsworth and his sister visited Coleridge at Keswick, and took him with them on that first tour in Scotland of which Wordsworth, and his sister too, have left such imperishable memorials. Most of the way they walked, from Dumfries up Nithsdale, over Crawfordmuir by the Falls of Clyde, and so on to Loch Lomond. Coleridge, never in good health, being at this time in bad spirits, and somewhat too much in love with his own dejection, left his two companions somewhere about Loch Lomond to return home. But either at this, or some other time not specially recorded, he must have got farther north, for we find him, in his second *Lay Sermon*, speaking of his solitary walk from Loch Lomond to Inverness, and describing the impression made upon him by the sight of the recently unpeopled country, and by the recital he heard from an old Highland widow near Fort Augustus of the wrongs she and her kinsfolk and her neighbours had suffered in those sad clearances. But if Scotland woke in him no poetry on this his first, and perhaps only visit, and if Scotchmen have had some severe things said of them by him, they can afford to pardon them. The land is none the less beautiful for not having been sung by him; and if from the people he could have learned some of that shrewdness of which they have enough and to spare, his life would have been other and more successful than it was.

If the Lake country had suited Coleridge's constitution, and if he had turned to advantage the scenery and society it afforded, in no part of England, it might seem, could he have found a fitter home. But the dampness of the climate brought out so severely the rheumatism from which he had suffered, since boyhood, that he was forced to seek a refuge from it on the shores of the Mediterranean, — a doubtful measure, it is said, for one in his state of nerves. Arriving at Malta in April 1804, he soon became known

to the Governor, Sir Alexander Ball, and during a change of secretaries Coleridge served for a time as a temporary secretary. The official task-work, and not less the official parade, which he was expected but never attempted to maintain, were highly distasteful to him, and he gladly resigned, as soon as the new secretary could relieve him. He made, however, the friendship of the Governor, whose character he has painted glowingly in *The Friend*. Whether Sir Alexander Ball merited this high encomium we cannot say, but Professor Wilson mentions that Coleridge's craze for the three B's, Ball, Bell, and Bowyer, was a standing joke among his friends. The health he sought at Malta he did not find. The change at first seemed beneficial, but soon came the reaction, with his limbs "like lifeless tools, violent internal pains, labouring and oppressed breathing." For relief from these he had resource to the sedative, which he had begun to use so far back as 1796, and the habit became now fairly confirmed. Leaving Malta in September 1805, he came to Rome, and there spent some time in seeing what every traveller sees, but what Coleridge would see with other eyes and keener insight than most men. Full observations on these things he noted down for after use. There, too, he made the acquaintance of the German poet Tieck, of an American painter, Alston, and of Humboldt, the brother of the great traveller. Gilman informs us that Coleridge was told by Humboldt that his name was on the list of the proscribed at Paris, owing to an article which he (Coleridge) had written against Buonaparte in the *Morning Post*; that the arrest had already been sent to Rome, but that one morning Coleridge was waited on by a noble Benedictine, sent to him by the kindness of the Pope, bearing a passport signed by the Pope, and telling him that a carriage was ready to bear him at once to Leghorn. Coleridge took the hint; at Leghorn embarked on board of an American vessel sailing for England; was chased by a French ship; and was, during the chase, forced by the captain to throw overboard all his papers, and among them his notes and observations made in Rome. So writes Coleridge's biographer. Wilson laughs at the thought of the Imperial eagle stooping to pursue such small game as Coleridge. And certainly it does seem hardly credible that Buonaparte should have so noted the secrets of the London newspaper press, or taken such pains to get his hands on one stray member of that corps. De Quincey,

however, argues from Buonaparte's character and habits that the thing was by no means improbable.

It is hardly worth while to attempt to trace all the changes of his life for the next ten years after his return from Malta. Sometimes at Keswick, where his family still lived; sometimes with Wordsworth at the town-end of Grasmere; sometimes in London, living in the office of the *Courier*, and writing for its pages; sometimes lecturing at the Royal Institution, often, according to De Quincey, disappointing his audience by non-appearance; anon an inmate in Wordsworth's new home at Allan Bank, while *The Excursion* was being composed; then taking final farewell of the Lakes in 1810, travelling with Basil Montagu to London, and leaving his family at Keswick, for some years, under care of Southey; domiciled now with Basil Montagu, now with a Mr. Morgan at Hammersmith, or Calne, now with other friends in or not far from London: so passed those homeless, unsatisfactory years of his middle manhood. No doubt, there were bright spots here and there, when his marvellous powers found vent in lecturing on some congenial subject, or flowed forth in that stream of thought and speech which was his native element. During these wanderings he met now and then with the wits of the time, either in rivalry not of his own seeking, or in friendly intercourse. Scott has recorded a rencounter he had with Coleridge at a dinner party, when some London *littérateurs* sought to lower Scott by exalting Coleridge. Coleridge had been called on to recite some of his own unpublished poems, and had done so. Scott, called on to contribute his share, refused, on the plea that he had none to produce, but offered to recite some clever lines which he had lately read in a newspaper. The lines were the unfortunate *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*, of which Coleridge was the then unacknowledged author. It is amusing to see the two sides of the story; the easy, off-hand humour with which Scott tells it in a letter, or in his journal; and the laborious self-defence with which Coleridge ushers in the lines in his published poems. More friendly was his intercourse with Lord Byron, who, while he was less of a London theatre, had brought forward Coleridge's *Remorse*, and had taken much interest in its success. This brought the two poets frequently into company, and in April 1816, Coleridge thus speaks of Byron's appearance:—"If you had seen Lord Byron you could scarcely disbelieve him. So beautiful a countenance I scarcely ever saw; his

teeth so many stationary smiles; his eyes the open portals of the sun—things of light, and made for light; and his forehead, so ample, and yet so flexible, passing from marble smoothness into a hundred wreaths and lines and dimples, correspondent to the feelings and sentiments he is uttering." But lecturing, or conversation, or intercourse with brother poets, even taken at their best, is no sufficient account of the prime years of such genius as Coleridge was intrusted with.

The record of his writings, from 1801 till 1816, contains only one work of real importance. This was *The Friend*, a periodical of weekly essays, intended to help to the formation of opinions on moral, political, and artistic subjects, grounded upon true and permanent principles. Undertaken with the countenance of, and with some slight aid from, Wordsworth, it began to be published in June 1809, and ceased in March 1810, because it did not pay the cost of publishing, which Coleridge had imprudently taken on himself. The original work having been much enlarged and recast, was published again in its present three-volume form in 1818. Even as it now stands, the ground-swell after the great French Revolution tempest can be distinctly felt. It is full of the political problems cast up by the troubled waters of the then recent years, and of the attempt to discriminate between the first truths of morality and maxims of political expediency, and to ground each on their own proper basis. No one can read this work without feeling the force of Southey's remark: "The vice of *The Friend* is its round-aboutness." But whoever will be content to bear with this and to read right on, will find all through fruit more than worth the labour, with essays here and there which are nearly perfect both in matter and in form. But its defects, such as they are, must have told fatally against its success when it appeared in its early periodical shape. It was Coleridge's misfortune in this, as in so many of his works, to have to try to combine two things, hard, if not impossible to reconcile,—immediate popularity, and the profit accruing therefrom, with the attempt to dig deep, and to implant new truths which can only be taken in by an effort of painful thought, such as readers of periodicals will seldom give. Few writers have attained present popularity and enduring power, and least of all could Coleridge do so. *The Friend* contains in its present, and probably it did in its first shape, clear indications of the change that

Coleridge's mind had gone through in philosophy, as well as in his religious belief. But of this we shall have to speak again. This middle portion of Coleridge's life may, perhaps, be not inaptly closed by the description of his appearance and manner, as these were when De Quincey first saw him in 1807:—

"I had received directions for finding out the house where Coleridge was visiting; and in riding down a main street of Bridgewater, I noticed a gateway corresponding to the description given me. Under this was standing and gazing about him a man whom I will describe. In height he might seem to be about five feet eight (he was in reality about an inch and a half taller, but his figure was of an order which drowns the height); his person was tall and full, and tended even to corpulence; his complexion was fair, because it was associated with black hair; his eyes were large and soft in their expression; and it was from the peculiar appearance of haze or dreaminess which mixed with their light that I recognized my object. This was Coleridge. I examined him steadfastly for a minute or more, and it struck me that he saw neither myself nor any other object in the street. He was in a deep reverie, for I had dismounted and advanced close to him before he had apparently become conscious of my presence. The sound of my voice, announcing my own name, first awoke him; he started, and for a moment seemed at a loss to understand my purpose or his own situation. There was no *'mauvaise honte'* in his manner, but simple perplexity, and an apparent difficulty in recovering his position amongst daylight realities. This little scene over, he received me with a kindness of manner so marked, that it might be called gracious. The hospitable family with whom he was domesticated all testified for Coleridge deep affection and esteem; sentiments in which the whole town of Bridgewater seemed to share.

"Coleridge led me to the drawing-room, rung the bell for refreshments, and omitted no point of a courteous reception. . . . That point being settled, Coleridge, like some great Orellana, or the St. Lawrence, that, having been checked and fretted by rocks or thwarting islands, suddenly recovers its volume of waters, and its mighty music, swept at once, as if returning to his natural business, into a continuous strain of eloquent dissertation, certainly the most novel, the most finely illuminated, and traversing the most spacious fields of thought, by transitions the most just and logical, that it was possible to conceive. . . . Coleridge to many people, and often I have heard the complaint, seemed to wander; and he seemed then to wander the most when in fact his resistance to the wandering instinct was greatest, viz., when the compass and huge circuit, by which his illustrations moved, travelled farthest into remote regions, before they

began to revolve. Long before this coming round commenced, most people had lost him, and naturally enough supposed that he had lost himself. They continued to admire the separate beauty of the thoughts, but did not see their relations to the dominant theme. However, I can assert, upon my long and intimate knowledge of Coleridge's mind, that logic the most severe was as inalienable from his modes of thinking as grammar from his language."

Admirable as in the main the essay is from which this sketch is taken, it contains some serious blemishes. De Quincey dwells on some alleged faults of Coleridge with a loving minuteness which the pure love of truth can hardly account for; and with regard to the great and all-absorbing fault, the habit of opium-taking, his statements are directly opposed to those made by Coleridge himself, and by those of his biographers who had the best means of knowing the truth. He says that Coleridge first took opium, "not as a relief from bodily pains or nervous irritations, for his constitution was naturally strong and excellent, but as a source of luxurious sensations." Here De Quincey falls into two errors. First, Coleridge's constitution was not really strong. Though full of life and energy, his body was also full of disease, which gradually poisoned the springs of life. All his letters bear witness to this, by the many complaints of ill-health which they contain, before he ever touched opium. Again, as we have already seen, what he sought in opium was not pleasurable sensations, but freedom from pain,—an antidote to the nervous agitations under which he suffered. But whatever may have been the beginning of the habit, the result of continued indulgence in it was equally disastrous. We have given the letter which marks his first recourse to the fatal drug in 1796. As his ailments increased, so did his use of it. At Malta, opium-taking became a confirmed habit with him, and from that time for ten years it quite overmastered him. In 1807, the year when De Quincey first met him, he writes of himself as "rolling rudderless," with an increasing and overwhelming sense of wretchedness. The craving went on growing, and his consumption of the drug had reached a quite appalling height, when, in 1814, Cottle having met Coleridge, and seeing what a wreck he had become, discovered the fatal cause, and took courage to remonstrate by letter. Coleridge makes no concealment, pleads guilty to the evil habit, and confesses that he is utterly miserable. Sadder letters were perhaps never written than those cries out



of the depths of that agony. He tells Cottle that he had learned what "sin is against an imperishable being, such as is the soul of man; that he had had more than one glimpse of the outer darkness and the worm that dieth not; that if annihilation and the possibility of heaven were at that moment offered to his choice, he would prefer the former." More pitiful still is that letter to his friend Wade:—"In the one crime of opium, what crime have I not made myself guilty of? Ingratitude to my Maker; and to my benefactors injustice; and unnatural cruelty to my poor children. . . . After my death, I earnestly entreat that a full and unqualified narrative of my wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that at least some little good may be effected by the direful example." It is painful to dwell on these things, nor should they have been reproduced here, had it not been that, as they have been long since made fully known, it might seem that we had given a too partial picture of the man had we avoided altogether this its darkest side.

Strange and sad as it is to think that one so gifted should have fallen so low, it is hardly less strange that from that degradation he should ever have been enabled to rise. The crisis seems to have come about the time when those letters passed between Cottle and him in 1814. For some time there followed a struggle against the tyrant vice, by various means, but all seemingly ineffectual. At last he voluntarily arranged to board himself with the family of Mr. Gilman, a physician, who lived at Highgate in a retired house, in an airy situation, surrounded by a large garden. It was in April, 1816, that he first entered this house at Highgate, which continued to be his home for eighteen years till his death. The letter in which he opens his grief to Mr. Gilman, and commends himself to his care, is very striking, showing at once his strong desire to overcome the inveterate habit, and his feeling of inability to do so, unless he were placed under a watchful eye and external restraint. In this home he learned to abandon opium, and here, though weighed down by ever increasing bodily infirmity, and often by great mental depression, he found on the whole "the best quiet to his course allowed." That the vice was overcome might be inferred from the very fact that his life was so prolonged. And though statements to the contrary have been made from quarters whence they might least have been expected, yet we know from the most trustworthy authorities now living, that there was no ground for these statements,

and that the friends of Coleridge who had best access to the truth, believed that at Highgate he obtained that self-mastery which he sought. No doubt, the habit left a bane behind it, a body shattered, and a mind shorn of much of its power for continuous effort, ever-recurring seasons of despondency, and visitings of self-reproach for so much of life wasted, so great powers given, and so little done. Still, under all these drawbacks, he labored earnestly to redeem what of life remained; and most of what is satisfactory to remember of his life belongs to these last eighteen years. It was a time of gathering up of the fragments that remained—of saving splinters washed ashore from a mighty wreck. But to this time, such as it is, we are indebted for most of that by which Coleridge is now known to men, and by which, if at all, he has benefited his kind. During these years the great religious change that had long been going on was completed and confirmed. As far back as 1800 his adherence to the Hartleian philosophy and his belief in Unitarian theology had been shaken. By 1805 he was in some manner a believer in the Trinity, and had entered on a closer study of Scripture, especially of St. Paul and St. John. There were in him, as De Quincey observed, the capacity of love and faith, of self-distrust, humility, and child-like docility, waiting but for time and sorrow to bring them out. Such a discipline the long ineffectual struggle with his infirmity supplied. The sense of moral weakness, and of sin, working inward contrition, made him seek for a more practical, upholding faith, than his early years had known. And so he learned that while the consistency of Christianity with right reason and the historic evidence of miracles are the outworks, yet that the vital centre of faith lies in the believer's feeling of his great need, and the experience that the redemption which is in Christ is what he needs; that it is the "sorrow rising from beneath and the consolation meeting it from above," the actual trial of the faith in Christ, which is its ultimate and most satisfying evidence. With him, too, as with so many before, it was *credidi, ideoque intellexi*. The Highgate time was also the period of his most prolonged and undisturbed study. Among much other reading, the old English divines were diligently perused and commented on; and his criticisms and reflections on them fill nearly the whole of the third and fourth volumes of his *Literary Remains*. A discriminating, often a severe critic of these writers, he was still a warm admirer, in this a striking contrast to Ar-

nold, who certainly unduly depreciated them.

Almost the whole of his prose works were the product of this time. First the *Two Lay Sermons*, published in 1816 and 1817. Then the *Biographia Literaria*, published in 1817, though in part composed some years before. In 1818 followed the recast and greatly enlarged edition of *The Friend*; and in 1825 he gave to the world the most mature of all his works, the *Aids to Reflection*. Incorporated especially with the earlier part of this work, are selections from the writings of Archbishop Leighton, of which he has said that to him they seemed "next to the inspired Scriptures, yea, as the vibration of that once-struck hour remaining on the air." The main substance of the work, however, contains his own thoughts on the grounds of morality and religion, and of the relation of these to each other, along with his own views on some of the main doctrines of the faith. The last work that appeared during his lifetime was that on *Church and State*, published in 1830. After his death appeared his posthumous works, viz., the four volumes of *Literary Remains*, and the small volume on the inspiration of Scripture, entitled *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*.

It is by these works alone, incomplete as many of them are, that posterity can judge of him. But the impression of pre-eminent genius which he left on his contemporaries was due not so much to his writings as to his wonderful talk. Printed books have made us undervalue this gift, or at best regard it more as a thing of display than as a genuine thought-communicating power. But as an organ of teaching truth, speech is older than books, and for this end Plato, among others, preferred the living voice to dead letters. Measured by this standard, Coleridge had no equal in his own, and few in any age. How his gift of discourse in his younger days arrested Hazlitt and De Quincey, we have already seen; and in his declining years at Highgate, when bodily ailments allowed, and during the pauses of study and writing, fuller and more continuous than ever the marvellous monologue went on. Some faint echoes of what then fell from him have been caught up and preserved in the well-known *Table Talk*, by his nephew and son-in-law, Henry Nelson Coleridge, who in his preface has finely described the impression produced by his uncle's conversation on congenial listeners. To that retirement at Highgate flocked, as on a pilgrimage, most of what was brilliant in intellect or ardent in youthful genius at

that day. Edward Irving, Julius Hare, Sterling, and many more who might be named, were among his frequent and most devoted listeners. Most came to wonder, and hear, and learn. But some came and went to shrug their shoulders and pronounce it unintelligible; or in after years to scoff, as Mr. Carlyle. Likely enough this latter came craving a solution of some pressing doubt or bewildering enigma; and to receive instead a prolonged and circuitous disquisition must to his then mood of mind have been tantalizing enough. But was it well done, O great Thomas! for this, years afterwards, to jeer at the old man's enfeebled gait, and caricature the tones of his voice?

In the summer of 1833, Coleridge was seen for the last time in public, at the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge. Next year, on the 25th of July, he died in Mr. Gilman's house in The Grove, Highgate, which had been so long his home, and was laid hard by in his last resting-place within the old churchyard by the roadside.

Twelve days before his death, not knowing it to be so near, he wrote to his godchild this remarkable letter,\* which, gathering up the sum of his whole life's experience, reads like his unconscious epitaph on himself:—

"MY DEAR GODCHILD, — . . . Years must pass before you will be able to read with an understanding heart what I now write; but I trust that the all-gracious God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, who, by his only begotten Son (all mercies in one sovereign mercy), has redeemed you from the evil ground, and willed you to be born out of darkness, but into light; out of death, but into life; out of sin, but into righteousness, even into the Lord our Righteousness, — I trust that He will graciously hear the prayers of your dear parents, and be with you as the spirit of health and growth in body and mind.

" . . . I, too, your godfather, have known what the enjoyments and advantages of this life are, and what the more refined pleasures which learning and intellectual power can bestow; and with the experience which more than threescore years can give, I now, on the eve of my departure, declare to you (and earnestly pray that you may hereafter live and act on the conviction) that health is a great blessing, competence obtained by honourable industry a great blessing, and a great blessing it is to have kind, faithful, and loving friends and relatives; but that the greatest of all blessings, as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, is to be indeed a Christian. But I have been

\* This letter was written on the 13th, and he died on the 25th day of July.

likewise, through a large portion of my later life, a sufferer, sorely afflicted with bodily pains, languors, and infirmities; and for the last three or four years have, with a few and brief intervals, been confined to a sick-room, and at this moment, in great weakness and heaviness, write from a sickbed, hopeless of a recovery, yet without prospect of a speedy removal; and I, thus on the very brink of the grave, solemnly bear witness to you, that the Almighty Redeemer, most gracious in His promises to them that truly seek Him, is faithful to perform what He hath promised, and has preserved, under all my pains and infirmities, the inward peace that passeth all understanding, with the supporting assurance of a reconciled God, who will not withdraw His Spirit from me in the conflict, and in His own time will deliver me from the Evil One.

"Oh, my dear godchild! eminently blessed are those who begin early to seek, fear, and love their God, trusting wholly in the righteousness and mediation of their Lord, Redeem-

er, Saviour, and everlasting High Priest, Jesus Christ.

"Oh, preserve this as a legacy and bequest from your unseen godfather and friend,  
S. T. COLERIDGE."

And now, perhaps, we cannot more fitly close this sketch than in those affectionate words of his nephew, the faithful defender of the memory of his great uncle:—

"Coleridge! blessings on his gentle memory! Coleridge was a frail mortal. He had indeed his peculiar weaknesses as well as his unique powers; sensibilities that an averted look would rack, a heart which would beat calmly in the tremblings of an earthquake. He shrank from mere uneasiness like a child, and bore the preparatory agonies of his death-attack like a martyr. He suffered an almost life-long punishment for his errors, whilst the world at large has the unwithering fruits of his labours, and his genius, and his sufferings."

PETROLIA.

In these busy days,  
Unless anything "pays,"  
'Tis put down as of minor importance;  
What matter how filthy  
The way to be wealthy,  
If, by it, men, dirt cheap, make fortunes,  
Petrolia, that's a fine *Ile* land—  
A slimy, detestable *Ile* land—  
Venturesome men  
Run off to Penn-  
sylvania's unctuous *Ile* land!

Let the whales rest in peace,  
Like old Heroes of Grease,  
They may blubber all over their faces;  
But the whalers won't pay  
Them attention, when they  
Have found out more available places.  
They'll go to Petrolia's *Ile* land—  
That sweet, oleaginous *Ile* land—  
They'll play their harpoons  
And a-singing of tunes  
They'll be off to this unctuous *Ile* land.

You may talk, upon paper,  
Of mud, slime, and vapour,  
Such reports speculators are pleased at;  
But who cares for the smell  
That can work an oil-well?  
Cent. per scent's not a thing to be sneezed at.  
If you are a cunning old file, land  
With money to rent and to buy land,  
With that trump card a spade  
Why, your fortune is made  
In this wondrous Petrolian *Ile* Land.

Oh! just wait awhile  
And we all shall burn *ile*,  
Gas and candles grow dearer and dearer,  
Snuff out each short six in this  
Day of oil wicks, in this  
Oil and Victorian Era.  
Farewell to my own native sile! and  
To-day I embark from this Island!  
We, of Petrolia  
Slowly, too slowly are,  
Steaming away to the *Ile* Land.

—Punch.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

## THE CASE OF THE ALABAMA.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

NEITHER the American nor the English nation, at this moment, at all contemplates a war. But civilized nations never contemplate a war. They drift into situations in which war becomes inevitable.

The disposition of the Americans towards England, so far as we can see, though not yet cordial, is improving, and is very far from being such as of itself to lead to a rupture. But a political struggle is about to commence in America, which in its issue may possibly bring a party, by tradition and interest unfriendly to England, again into the ascendant, and thus materially change the aspect of affairs.

It was a strange thing for England to be thrown into the arms of the slave-owners. It was an equally strange thing for her to be thrown into the arms of the Democratic party.

The Democratic party, which our pro-Southern aristocracy and their journals delighted to honour as the "Conservative," was headed, as everybody who knows anything of American politics is aware, by the Southern slave-owners, who drew after them as their political dependants the Irish of the Northern cities. A section of rich men at the North connected with the South by commerce, or sympathizing socially with the slave-owning aristocracy, and a certain number of mere party adherents, formed the remaining elements of the confederation, the main objects of which latterly became slavery at home and aggression abroad. The slave-owners, who led the party, were of course bitterly hostile to this country on account of slavery and the slave-trade. The sentiments of the Irish towards England it is not necessary to describe. We have said before, but we cannot too often repeat, that it was from the Democratic party, which down to the outbreak of this revolution had enjoyed some thirty years of almost uninterrupted ascendancy, that England received all the affronts and insults which, under the guidance of our great public instructors, we have been sagaciously wreaking on the heads of the Republicans, now, after a long exclusion, restored by the rebellion to power. It was the Democratic party that made war upon us in 1812. The Republican party suffered ostracism on that occasion for the suspicion under which it lay of sympathizing with the mother country rather than with France, and for its resis-

tance, as the party of morality, of religion, and of Washington, to an immoral war.

Short-sighted people here have embraced the Democratic party as the party of Free Trade. But it included in its ranks the iron-masters of Pennsylvania, the most inveterate of all Protectionists, whose organs fan the flame of hostility to England, in order to exclude our iron, though it be at the risk of war.

The rebellion cut the Democratic party in two. The tail of it in the North, sympathizing too openly with the head in the South against the national cause, fell into utter discredit, and received at the last Presidential election what seemed a decisive overthrow; and had the Old England known her own interest, she and her statesmen would have rejoiced in that great victory of law, order, morality, and peace, as heartily as the New. But Mr. Lincoln fell by a blow which history, misled by no fanciful interpretations of Providence, will always reckon among the great calamities of the world. The new President, in spite of sinister appearances, has proved himself a skilful, temperate, and dignified ruler. But though a strong Unionist, and now on political grounds a decided Abolitionist, he was formerly a member of the Democratic party, and a slave-owner. It is too early (we say it most emphatically) as yet to pronounce judgment on Mr. Johnson's reconstructive policy. But its present tendency appears to be towards a reconstruction not only of the Union, but of the old Democratic party. It is not without a colour of reason, at least, that the President receives the calamitous approbation of the Southern press in this country. And the destinies of the nation are to a great, to a terrible extent in the hands of this one man; who, from the schism which has taken place in the Republican ranks on the subject of negro suffrage, has evidently all parties at his feet.

Should the Democratic party rise again, it would again consist of slave-owners, or serfs-owners inheriting the interests and sentiments of the slave-owners, as its head, and of Fenians as its tail. Its game would be a spirited foreign policy, especially in relations with England. It would hope thus to purge itself in the eyes of the nation of the fatal stain of disunion and rebellion. It would hope thus to dissipate in the whirlwind of new passions the accusing memories of the civil war. And a man must have a very inadequate idea of the character of Southern politicians if he refuses to believe them capable, in case it suits their tactics, of exciting the American people to hostility



against this country, for having allowed Southern corsairs to issue from our ports.

Of the military designs of the Fenians we need entertain no fear. Fortunately for the mutual interest of the two Anglo-Saxon communities, the Irish at this moment are not popular in America. The assertion which one English journal repeated after another till all began to believe the slander, that the American armies were mainly composed of Irishmen, was the reverse of the fact. The Irish, from their jealousy of the negro, as well as from their Democratic connection, were throughout opposed to the war, and, after the fall of the Democratic general, McClellan, very few of them entered the ranks. They voted as one man for McClellan and slavery at the last Presidential election: and their insurrection in New York, marked as it was with the same horrible atrocity which has always characterized the insurrections of Celts in Ireland and in France, did not fail to leave a deep impression on the minds of the most humane and law-loving of nations. No disposition, therefore, exists on the part of the Anglo-Americans to second Fenian enterprise; on the contrary, there is, perhaps, rather a disposition to make more allowance than has been hitherto made for the difficulties which England has to encounter in ruling and civilizing this unhappy race. But Fenians have votes; and, if the opportunity presents itself to them of using their votes in such a way so as to determine American policy in a sense adverse to England, we fear they will not show themselves sufficiently grateful for all the applause and encouragement which they received as "the Conservative party," from their admirers in the London press.

With this cloud on the horizon, it is desirable in the interests of peace and all that depends on peace (including constitutional government and national solvency in American as well as English trade) that all questions between the two nations should be settled while each remains in its present temper and under its present government; and that the settlement should not be delayed till the Democrats get into power on one side, and the Tories on the other. On the part of neither government at present is there any lack of determination to maintain the national honour, while both are, as we hope and believe, sincerely anxious to avoid a war.

The continuance of the general disarmament in America divests any claims which may be presented by that government of the air of intimidation; and, surely, every

Englishman, with a vestige of candour in his nature, will allow that the Americans have so borne themselves, both in their civil war and after its close, that the proudest of nations need not feel itself humiliated by rendering to them all that justice requires; if, indeed, in any question of justice there could, under any circumstances, be so great a humiliation as persistence in a wrong.

The only question really remaining for settlement is that of the *Alabama* claims. But this question derives its angry and (we fear it must be said) threatening character in part, at least, from other grievances which have rankled in the heart of the American people.

The American ambassador still dwells on the general attitude of England during the war. In reply to the soothing assurances of the kindly feelings of England, tendered by Earl Russell, he still complains of the "coldness and apathy which he has found prevailing in many quarters from which his countrymen had a right to expect warm and earnest sympathy." We are not careful to answer Mr. Adams in this matter. We are ourselves among the Englishmen who have deplored as much as he has the sympathy shown for the wrong cause by a large class in this country: and we do not doubt that he has had personally, in his intercourse with English society during this period, much to endure, and by the almost heroic patience and forbearance with which he has endured it earned a title to the gratitude of both nations. But he is eminently a man of sense. He knows whether his countrymen, or the friends of political equality and religious liberty in general, have much reason to be surprised and scandalized because the old aristocracies and established hierarchies of Europe do not exhibit warm and earnest sympathy for a democracy whose friends proclaim that its success is their inevitable doom, if they are even somewhat unmeasured in their joy over such a respite to old institutions as the apparent downfall of the model republic. He knows, in short, whether it is quite rational to upbraid the thistle of aristocracy for not bearing republican figs. He knows also whether, in the quarters where he had really a right to look for warm and earnest sympathy in a crusade against the attempt to erect a slave empire, the character of the struggle was, or could be at the outset, sufficiently apparent to produce its full moral effects. Did he ever experience a chillier blast of adverse sentiment in the "coldest" society of aristocratic London than that

which blew upon him, and all enemies of slavery, but a few weeks ago from his own coast, when Connecticut refused political rights to the negroes? Did not an American proclaim the other day to English scepticism that after all it was right, for that, to the best men in America, the negro was an object of loathing? Is there not among his own countrymen, at this moment, a considerable party entitled to the sympathy only of these Englishmen who are for "the Constitution as it is, the Union as it was, and the negroes as they were?"

If the object of the civil war had been simply to restore the territorial greatness of the American republic, it might have commanded the sympathies of those whose political views lead them to wish that the American republic should be very powerful and influential among nations. But no man is bound by any moral obligation to have this object at heart, much less to desire that it should be sought at the cost of an effusion (which long seemed an utterly hopeless effusion) of seas of blood.

Each of the two kindred nations has in it explosive elements, which are dangerous to the common peace and welfare. We have our Tory aristocracy, our Liverpool plutocracy, our High Church Bishops. The Americans have their Fenians, their slave-owners, their violent war politicians. There is much on both sides to be controlled, and though, upon the whole, the control has been effectual, we must not wonder if there is still something on both sides to be forgiven. England may be reasonably expected to bury in magnanimous oblivion the unauthorized sallies of American subordinates. Americans may be as reasonably (and, considering their splendid victory over all their enemies and detractors, more reasonably) expected to bury in magnanimous oblivion the vain fulminations of our orators, the unheard prayers of our prelates, and the unfulfilled predictions of our political seers.

At all events, let want of sympathy, however discreditable and provoking, be retaliated by want of sympathy, not by slaughter and destruction. Every soldier who should fall merely to avenge the wounded self-esteem of his nation, would be murdered by the government which sent him into the field. We moralize on the king who plunged two nations in blood to avenge an epigram on his mistress. Why are these things less horrible in nations than in kings?

Of the acts of the English Government, as distinguished from the general attitude of the English nation, the one which gave

the greatest offence, and the memory of which rankles most deeply, is the concession of belligerent rights to the South. To this the American ambassador, on behalf of his Government, still reverts in a tone of unabated resentment. It is for this, as we suspect, that we are being called to account in the case of the *Alabama*, almost as much as for the depredations of the *Alabama* themselves.

Now, no Englishman, however great may be his admiration of America, however strong may be his conviction that her greatness is, or ought to be, identical with that of the nation from which she sprang, however firmly he may have believed that the hopes of humanity were bound up in the cause of the North, however warmly he may have resented all proceedings on the part of his own countrymen adverse to that cause, even though he may have incurred the opprobrium of a "Yankee" and an "un-Englishman," can scarcely hope to be regarded by Americans as free from partiality in passing judgment on the acts of his own country. But Englishmen, of whom all this is true, are not able, after giving the case the best and calmest consideration in their power, to see that in this matter their Government did, much less that it intended, a substantial wrong.

A power had sprung into existence, infamous, traitorous, and accursed it may be, but exercising dominion practically complete over a vast and united territory, and having mighty armaments in the field. That at some point this power must have been recognized as possessing belligerent rights, all parties will allow. And never for one single moment, or in one single transaction, did the Federals themselves withhold those rights from their opponents. Never from the time when the first shots were interchanged between the besiegers and the garrison of Fort Sumter, did the Federals themselves incur in a single instance the awful risk of treating the Confederates as rebels, to be hanged when they were taken, not as regular enemies, entitled to quarter, and to all the other rights of regular war.

The only question, then, was as to the time when the recognition of belligerency should take place. This question, depending on the extent of an insurrection and the consistency which it has assumed, is, of course, one which in any given case it is very difficult to decide. No one can decide it infallibly. But the judgment of a bystander, provided he is acting in good faith, is more likely to be right than that of either of the parties engaged. It appears to us

that our Government was right, or, at all events, that it was not palpably wrong, in deciding that there existed from the moment of the Secession a great power, which neutrals could not avoid recognizing as belligerent, and investing with the rights — and it must be remembered at the same time with the liabilities — belonging to that character. Such was, in fact, the opinion of Americans themselves, when, not having our conduct or any other disturbing consideration before their eyes, they were led to take an impartial view of the subject. The judgment of the United States Court in 1862, cited by Lord Russell, in laying down the law in favour of the course taken by the American Government, practically rules the question of belligerency in favour of ours.

"This greatest of civil wars was not gradually developed by popular commotion, tumultuous assemblies, or local organized insurrections. However long may have been its previous conception, it nevertheless sprang forth suddenly from the parent brain, a Minerva in the full panoply of war. The President was bound to meet it in the shape it presented itself without waiting for Congress to baptize it with a name; and no name given to it by him or them could change the fact."

It would be a curious instance of the inconvenience resulting from the want of cognate words in the English language, if the friendly relations between the two portions of the English race were to be disturbed because, while they were agreed that there was a war, one of them denied that there were *belligerents*.

Let us suppose, however, that the British Government were mistaken. They cannot be the proper objects of serious blame, much less of sanguinary vengeance, if, in a matter notoriously difficult and doubtful, they acted in good faith.

Now, that they did act in good faith, that they were determined in recognizing the Confederates as belligerents, not by any unfriendly designs or feelings towards the Federal Government, but by an honest sense of the necessity of the case, is a fact about which we believe no candid and reasonable Englishman, however little he may have admired the Government of that day, entertains any serious doubt. Lord Russell has, perhaps, in the course and under the polemical temptations of the controversy, cast a shadow of retrospective suspicion on the character of his own act by defending it too much on mere technical grounds, such as the declaration by the Federal Government of an intended blockade of the Southern

ports. But at the time it was unquestionably founded on the real state of the case between the Federals and Confederates, as it appeared to the most ardent friends of the Federals on this side of the water. The measure emanated, in fact, immediately, not from any diplomatic deliberations in the bosom of the Cabinet itself, but from the call which our Admiral on the station addressed to his Government for a rule of conduct, on merely professional grounds.

That an English Government, looking at the question in the interest of England, desired to give strength to the rebellion, and to prolong the civil war, and that it set justice and decency at defiance for that diabolical purpose, will not be easily believed by any one who remembers the awful peril, not only commercial, but social, with which the cotton famine threatened us, and the thrill of alarm and horror which, upon the dawning of that peril, ran through the whole land. The minds of many Americans, in judging of the motives which have actuated England, are full of the gains which we are supposed to have made, or hoped to make out of American calamity by trafficking in Confederate bonds, and for which a great nation is imagined to have sold its honour; though such a speculation is to the general trade of England as the contents of a pedlar's pack are to the contents of the greatest warehouse in New York. It is forgotten that we had the most tremendous motive for desiring the peace and tranquillity of the republic; and that, in fact, we have borne to an enormous extent the pecuniary burden of what to us also was almost a civil war.

As to the substance of this act of its Government, then, the conscience of the English nation is clear; and if a war were forced on England ostensibly or really on that ground, she would have much reason indeed to mourn (and on other grounds than that of loss of money or even of blood), but she could have no reason to fear; for she would be fighting as the North has been fighting, in self-defence and for the right.

There was more ground for complaint, we must frankly confess, as to the manner in which the act was done. Full of affliction and anguish as the American nation then was, under the pressure of a sudden and overwhelming calamity, every right feeling dictated that a step which, however inevitable, could not fail to be most unwelcome, should be taken with all the forms of studious and considerate courtesy of which the circumstances of the case would per-

mit. The intention of the Government ought, in our humble judgment, at least, to have been communicated to the American ambassador, who, at the moment when the proclamation was issued, was known to be on the point of arriving in this country. It is said by the apologists of the Government that Mr. Adams would have felt it his duty to protest against the measure; that our Government would then have had to carry it into effect in the face of his protest; and that an aggravated misunderstanding, perhaps an immediate quarrel with the Americans, would have been the result. But the answer to this plea, we apprehend, is that in public and in private life you have to look only to your own actions. Do what is right, and do it with perfect frankness and courtesy towards all who are concerned; and if those with whom you deal persist, nevertheless, in objecting to your decision, and take to violent courses, the blame will rest on them, not on you. No man, no nation, can guarantee himself or itself against unreasonable resentment on the part of others: all that he or it can do is to take care that the resentment shall be without reason.

A mere defect of manner, however, like a defect of sympathy with the right cause, finds its meet punishment both among men and nations in a loss of esteem and influence, not in a lawsuit or a war.

That the recognition of belligerency, even supposing it to have been precipitate, can have done much practical mischief in the way of consolidating and encouraging the rebellion, or that its delay for a few weeks would have made a great practical difference in that respect, is a thing which we can scarcely believe. This seems to us to be a part of the "sixty days" view of the secession, which, though naturally cherished at first from the unwillingness of all hearts to acknowledge the arrival of a great disaster, proved, as we know, in fact to be unfounded. Considering the almost demoniac fury and tenacity with which the South persisted in the struggle long after all hope of foreign assistance, long after all hope of every kind was at an end, posterity will, we are convinced, seek the key to the strength and duration of the Confederacy in causes more deeply rooted and nearer home than the early recognition by a distant nation of belligerent rights which the Confederates were from the first unquestionably strong enough to assert, and which the Federals themselves never practically withheld.

The French recognition of belligerency,

though it came after ours, was not led by ours; it was a spontaneous and independent act of the French Government. The French were not under so urgent a necessity as we were of determining their maritime relations with the Confederates in American waters. And besides, while the British Government are, generally speaking, honest, straightforward, true to their engagements, but totally wanting in the faculty of conciliation, French Governments in general, and that which sprang from the conspiracy of 1851 in particular, rival the Government which sprang from the Charleston Convention in the address with which they practise all the arts by which good opinions can be won. They have the gift of making rapine itself almost popular; and know well how, out of any alliance or course of joint action in which they may engage, to suck all the advantage themselves and deftly cast all the odium on their partners. Substantially, what has been the conduct of France towards America compared with ours? Did not France in the darkest hour of American distress propose to England a "mediation," which would have amounted in fact to an intervention in favor of the rebels? and was not that proposal rejected by the English Government with the cordial approbation of the vast majority of the English nation? Has not the French Emperor taken advantage of the calamities of the republic to plant in the New World an offset of the upas tree which is blighting with its pestilential shade the political and social morality, not of France only, but of the surrounding nations? The day may come when the Mexican empire may spread the contagion of Imperialism, military aristocracy and political priesthood over American States in whose veins the virus of a kindred malady is not yet extinct; and when American statesmen may know what it is to allow French despotism and sacerdotalism to extend their dominion from shore to shore by taking advantage of the divisions of the Anglo Saxon race, the guardians in both hemispheres of freedom and of truth.

Frankness requires us to confess, in connection with this question of the concession of belligerent rights, that we have always been of the number of those who contended that Confederate cruisers ought not to have been allowed to destroy merchantmen uncondemned; and who inclined to think that our Government erred, as the leading maritime Power among the neutrals, in not proposing to the other maritime Powers to protest against a practice which was clearly a relapse into the barbarous times when the end



sought in war was not victory, but destruction. The answer given was, that Lord Stowell had decided that it was lawful to burn an enemy's vessel, without taking her into a prize-court, rather than allow her to escape. This answer did not seem to us conclusive. The great interests of humanity and civilization are not to be given into the hands of a dead lawyer. Questions relating to them are to be decided by the living generation, on grounds as broad and as substantial as the interests themselves. The necessity of carrying prizes into a prize-court is not merely a security to neutrals, it is a restraint imposed, in the interest of the whole commonwealth of nations, upon the destructive agency of war. The systematic burning at sea of multitudes of merchantmen by cruisers without a port or prize-court, was a state of things far beyond anything that Lord Stowell had experienced, or that he could have foreseen. Such an irruption of relapsed barbarism ought to have been arrested by the common action of civilized nations. But this concerned all the Governments, at least all other maritime Governments, as much as ours. The law, so called, was in favor of permitting the destruction of an enemy's vessel; and if the Confederates were burning Federal property on the sea, the Federals were burning Confederate property by land. Indeed, though the issue has been raised, we are not aware that any sustained charge has been made by American publicists against our Government on this special ground.

The affair of the *Trent* is another grievance which still rankles, though in a less degree. It was an affair in which the British nation had very great reason for reproaching its own Government. The suppression of Mr. Seward's pacific note, and the positive denial of the fact that such a communication had been received, published in the Prime Minister's personal organ, would have formed the subject of discussion in Parliament, if Parliament had not been at the time in a remarkably complaisant mood. The expedition to Canada, at a season when no military operations could possibly be undertaken in that quarter, has entailed upon this country a waste of several millions, besides other bad effects. Undoubtedly the Prime Minister of that day did exhibit his usual love of displaying military force; and all will admit that anything like a gratuitous menace was peculiarly offensive and unworthy when directed against a nation in distress. But can Americans honestly say that no colour of

justification for a display of force was afforded on their side? Let them remember the banquet given to Captain Wilkes at Boston, at which the Governor of the State was present. Let them remember the note addressed to him by the Secretary of the Navy, telling him "that his conduct in seizing these public enemies had been marked by intelligence, ability, decision, and firmness, and had the emphatic approval of the Department." In that case, as in many other cases, the American Government had reason to complain of the uncontrolled action of too eager subordinates. But other Governments and nations must be excused for believing that when the Secretary of the Navy has formally approved the act of an officer, it will be necessary for a foreign Government to show some determination in order to get the act reversed. Let the truth be told: we have never conversed with a candid and well-informed American on the subject, who seemed quite sure that the resolution to insist on her demand evinced on the part of England had not some influence in enabling the American Government, in the midst of great popular excitement, to do what, all admit, was required by public law. To the language in which our claim was preferred no objection can possibly be taken. It was the most studiously considerate and respectful which courtesy could dictate. On the whole we may heartily thank Heaven on both sides, that we were not led into a quarrel about a couple of slave-drivers, who were as hateful to the mass of the people in England as they were to the Americans themselves, and be content to think as little as possible for the future of this most hateful incident of the past.

Of the blockade-running, the Americans never professed to complain as a contravention of public law. Their own people, with the same temptations, would have done the same. But it was most natural that they should be galled by seeing the outlying dependency of a distant nation serving as a depôt and a base of operations for their enemy in a war which imperilled the existence of their nation. It will be well if the English people are led some day to consider whether so offensive and dangerous a possession as Nassau has any countervailing advantages which make it at all worth our while to retain it in our hands.

We come to the case of the *Alabama* itself, on which we will say a few words, not for the purpose of taking a case of international law out of the master hands of "His-

toricus," but for the purpose of insisting on a few leading considerations of a practical kind.

The first thing, indeed, which it is necessary in all these cases to reiterate is, that there is, properly speaking, no such thing as international law. It is heartily to be desired that nations had a recognized authority of some kind which could make laws in international matters binding on them all, and a tribunal armed by common consent with the requisite powers for enforcing these laws, and interpreting them in any doubtful case. Possibly such discussions as are now going on, by cultivating the general sense of legality, and the general conviction of the irrational as well as dreadful character of an appeal to force to decide a question of right, may help to advance the world towards this yet very distant consummation. But at present there is no law-giver, no tribunal, no sanction, and therefore no law. There are only usages, more or less ratified by the general consent of nations, and recorded in the works of eminent writers. Whenever a dispute arises between nations, we are still in a state of nature. Nor can we rely upon this quasi-law, as we can upon real law, to protect us by its technicalities in doing anything injurious or offensive to our neighbours. A citizen, so long as he keeps within the technical boundaries of the law, may make himself a nuisance to his fellow-citizens with physical impunity; but, if a nation makes itself a nuisance to other nations, and they feel themselves strong enough to put the nuisance down, they will, on some pretext or other, certainly go to war. Let Ireland rise, let us blockade the Irish coast, let privateers issue from the ports of Holland or Portugal and prey on our commerce under the Irish flag; whatever technical precepts of the international jurists may stand in the way, we shall quarrel with the Dutch or Portuguese, and they will appeal to Vattel and Puffendorf in vain. Distinctions between different kinds of legal obligations, again, belong only to a state of law: between nations, which are in a state of nature, all real obligations stand on an equal footing, and if disregarded, will be equally enforced by arms.

American citizens had in more than one instance—in the war between England and the French revolutionists, and again in the wars between Spain and Portugal and the South American States—indulged to a great extent in the habit of preying on the commerce of a friendly nation under a foreign flag. The existence of this practice,

and the dangers which it involved, had thus been brought vividly home to the mind of the American Government, which had wisely and honourably taken measures to prevent its recurrence by increasing the stringency of the law. Of course the Confederates, from the same experience, were familiar with this device, and they hastened, as soon as their own ports were blockaded, to avail themselves of the ports of an unsuspecting nation, for the purpose of carrying on a naval war.

To the British Government and nation, on the contrary, this offence was practically unknown. When the first instance of it occurred, in the case of the *Alabama*, it struck the bulk of our people as a new and monstrous invention of the Confederates and their Liverpool allies. Large public meetings were immediately held to protest against its continuance; great indignation was manifested by the masses of the people; the Government, awakened to the full gravity of the occasion, effectually bestirred itself; and the practice was at once and finally put down. For though other vessels, built in English yards, and manned, unhappily, in part by Englishmen, were used by the Confederates for purposes of war, and under circumstances disgraceful to the English adventurers who were concerned in such enterprises, not a single real instance can be shown, after that of the *Alabama*, in which a ship armed for war was allowed actually to go forth from our ports; while Earl Russell is able to point to several cases in which their departure was arrested, sometimes by the exertion on his part of powers almost beyond the law.

Mr. Adams complains that we refused to increase the stringency of our law. But this complaint seems not tenable. The state of our municipal law is properly a domestic concern. Foreign nations have only to see that we fulfil our international obligations. A despot, with no law at all but his own arbitrary will, would be perfectly unimpeachable as against foreigners so long as he caused his subjects practically to abstain from doing wrong to those of other Powers; while, on the other hand, the most perfect municipal law that could be imagined would not afford the slightest defence against the charges of another Government whose subjects, in spite of the existence of that law, had practically suffered wrong. The municipal law is merely the instrument by which each Government restrains its own subjects, for whose acts, not for the state of the law, it has to answer to other nations. A perfect uniformity of municipi-

pal law upon these subjects, indeed, so far from being indispensable, might not be desirable; since a law applicable to the circumstances and general institutions of one country might not be applicable to the circumstances and general institutions of another. It signifies nothing to Mr. Adams, or to his Government, whether we changed our law or not. If we executed it, or strained it, or even acted in defiance of it, so as to prevent any more of these vessels from leaving our ports, that is all that he and they have a right to require. The steam rams were stopped. They were stopped, it is true, by an expedient discreditable to the municipal law, and humiliating to the majesty of England—that of purchasing them, with the public money, of the offender who had built them. But this is a purely domestic question, not one affecting Mr. Adams as the representative of a foreign Power. If we had wilfully or carelessly allowed the rams to escape from Birkenhead, we should not have been exonerated in the court of international right, though we had been able to state that, by our municipal law, equipping ships without the permission of the State against Her Majesty's allies subjected the offender to the penalties of treason. But as we did not allow them to escape, we should have been perfectly exonerated, though, in addition to paying the builder of the rams for his offence, we had made him a Privy Councillor and a Knight of the Garter. The improvement of municipal law for the purpose of better fulfilling international obligations is a very proper subject of mutual suggestion and negotiation, and a strict Foreign Enlistment Act is evidence of good intentions; but so long as the obligation is performed, whether improvement in the means of performing it are adapted or not, no complaint can be sustained.

Before the nation and the Government could be roused, however, one vessel had escaped, and, unfortunately, she did great damage to American commerce; though to charge us with the whole extent of that damage would, on any hypothesis as to the history of the vessel short of wilful connivance on the part of our Government, be unreasonable in the highest degree; since we should thus be held responsible not only for our own want of diligence in letting her escape, but for the slackness of the Americans in pursuit. Remissness is the worst fault with which either party can, consistently with any regard for probability and decency, charge the other; and the remissness of the Americans in failing to catch

this vessel, or arrest her depredations, was, to say the least, quite as great as our remissness in allowing her to leave port. It is difficult to understand how, with such a navy afloat, they can have allowed a single corsair so long to sweep the sea.

Remissness, however, in the fulfilment of a national obligation, though confined to a single instance, and extenuated even in this instance by the novelty of the case, is a fault, and a fault which, if it can really be brought home, calls for some kind of reparation, which, the greater a nation is, the more ready it will be to afford. With remissness Mr. Adams charges us. And from the facts set forth upon both sides, many Englishmen believe that there is some ground for the charge—that, unfamiliar with cases of this kind, and not sufficiently impressed with the gravity of the subject, our Government did not attend to his warnings so promptly, or act upon them so vigorously, as it ought. They are confirmed in this impression by the reports circulated in excuse for the Government of untoward delays caused by the mental illness of the Queen's Advocate, and of a betrayal by some treacherous subordinate of the decision which had been taken at the Foreign Office to detain the *Alabama* at Liverpool. The truth, however, can scarcely in this, any more than in other disputed cases, be arrived at merely by comparing the assertions and counter-assertions of the parties to the dispute. It can be arrived at only by means of a judicial investigation, conducted before an impartial tribunal. We do not see by what other means an unjust accusation can be effectually disposed of, the character of this country effectually cleared of reproach, or, what is of the highest importance, the rule of right clearly established and solemnly recognized by both parties for the future. We are, therefore, very sorry, and we apprehend that there is a general feeling of regret, that both Governments should, as the case now stands, have rejected this mode of settling their difference, and determined each to make itself judge, in the last resort, in its own cause. In ordinary life, such a refusal of friendly arbitration to decide a question of right which it is morally impossible that the two parties, though each were the soul of justice and honour, should be able to decide for themselves, would be thought a sure proof of wrongheadedness and folly. Why it is not equally so in diplomacy, diplomacy alone knows.

That the British Government were somewhat taken by surprise, and did not know

exactly how to deal with the case, appears from the course which they pursued when they learned that the vessel had escaped. They sent out orders to detain her at Nassau, but she did not visit that place; and next time she appeared in a British port, having then entered on her career of depredation, she was hospitably received, and treated as a lawful belligerent. It is impossible, as it seems to us, to reconcile such a course with any intention to do wrong upon the one hand, or any well-settled rule of right upon the other.

To hunt the *Alabama* down as a corsair, which had sailed from our port to prey upon the commerce of our friends, was perhaps the course prescribed to our Government by the highest considerations of public right, by the real justice of the case, and by our interests as a great commercial nation. But this course had not been taken by the American Government in similar cases, nor was it a part of the acknowledged law of nations. We are not aware, even, that the Americans ever demanded that we should take it; though, by putting in a claim for the whole of the damages done by the *Alabama*, they now seek, in effect, to make us responsible for its not having been taken.

Again, to have called the Confederate Government to account for a violation of our neutrality, strictly analogous, and equal in heinousness, to marching troops over our territory for the invasion of our allies, would perhaps have been a just and (considering the vast interests we had at stake) a wise measure, and it was one which, as it seems to us, a really strong English minister would have adopted. But it had not been adopted by the Americans, and therefore they were not in a position to upbraid our Government with its omission. In fact, they had taken up a position which would have made it very difficult for them in any case to require that our Government should hold the Confederates to belligerent duties; for to require that the Confederates should be held to belligerent duties would have been to acknowledge, by necessary implication, that they had been duly invested with belligerent rights.

We repeat, however, that if there is any fair ground for suspecting that the English Government was guilty of remissness in the performance of international obligations, even in the slightest degree, and that through this remissness, wholly or in part, a friendly and allied nation has suffered a serious injury, the honour of England not only does not forbid us to submit the matter

to arbitration, but requires that we shall do so, in order that by this, the only possible mode, our character for good faith may be cleared to our allies, and before the world.

Any arbitrator before whom we might go would, of course, give due weight to the precedents in our favour, furnished by the conduct of the American Government in the case of the Spanish and Portuguese claims, about which Lord Russell and Mr. Adams, as the parties interested, having once given their respective versions of the facts, can do little more than bandy words. Those precedents, as at present set forth, seem to us almost decisive in our favour. The only difference which Mr. Adams succeeds in pointing out between the conduct of our Government and that of his own, to the advantage of his own, is that the American Government consented to improve its law, — though not so effectually, it appears, but that the offence continued to be committed after the change. But we did what was, in effect, the same thing — we administered the law more strictly; and whether the offence is prevented by a stricter law, or by a stricter administration of it, or by any other means, is, as we have said before, a matter with which the representative of a foreign nation has no concern.

An arbitrator would take care to separate the case of the *Alabama*, as the issue really before him, from the other cases of Confederate cruisers built in English ports, which are made to cluster round it, and by the seeming connection artificially to deepen its hue, in the polemical despatches of Mr. Adams; but which really belong to a different class. An arbitrator would note, in our favour, the strangeness of the present situation, in which the Confederates themselves, the principal and only wilful offenders, are received back to the privileges of American citizenship, while we, at worst their involuntary abettors, are called upon to bear all the consequences of the offence; so that, literally, the real criminals would be allowed to take part in voting war against other people, for not having been sufficiently active in preventing the commission of their crimes. An arbitrator, taking a large and equitable view of the entire case, would in his own mind trace back the whole of these calamities to their original source; and would pronounce, as we apprehend, that the Americans, who had by their own institutions nursed the sure elements of a great political explosion, ought to be somewhat lenient in heaping blame and inflicting vengeance on their neighbours, who, having also some combus-



tibles in their houses, did not entirely escape the conflagration which ensued.

It is the more necessary that we should embrace all available means of purging our honour, since, unfortunately, the bearing of our Government, or rather of our Prime Minister and of a party in our Parliament, was such as, so far from removing, materially to increase whatever sinister appearance might attach to the transaction. In the debate on Mr. Forster's motion, the builder of the *Alabama* was not only tolerated, but cheered; and whereas from Pitt, Canning, or Peel he would assuredly have met the lofty and crushing rebuke of English honour, by Lord Palmerston he was acquitted with the faintest blame. The mention of the *Alabama's* depredations was received with cheers by the violent partisans of the South. And the Prime Minister, instead of holding towards the Americans the language which in public and private life is always held by a gentleman who has, however involuntarily, done an injury to a friend, courted popularity by magnanimously refusing to change the law at the instance of a foreign Power—a boast, the dignity of which receives its meet illustration when Lord Palmerston's colleague, under circumstances less favourable to magnanimity, is fain to claim credit from the same foreign Power, for having at its instance strained, if not overstepped the law. The Attorney (then Solicitor) General, also, in the ardour apparently of advocacy, made a speech which caused great and (considering what the Americans were suffering at our hands, if not through our fault) most natural irritation; though no one, we believe, to whom Sir Roundell Palmer's character is known, would suspect him for a moment of any want of justice or of good feeling, and, though so far as his personal opinions were concerned, he was understood to be friendly to the cause of the North. The Americans have not forgotten these things, nor is it to be expected that they should.

The conduct of a large portion of our press on the same occasion was also such as to expose us to the worst suspicions. Whoever will be at the pains of referring to the language which was held by great English journals at the time of the *Alabama* affair, will see that, if it had been a real exposition of the sentiments and intentions of this country, the American Government would have had no alternative but, in defence of its own honour and the property of its subjects, at once to prepare for war.

As to the specific grounds upon which

Lord Russell takes his stand, they are, we believe, felt to be untenable by the majority of the nation in whose name he speaks. He says that England is the guardian of her own honour. Nobody has impeached the honour even of any English Minister, much less that of the English nation. All that has been alleged on the other side is that our Ministers have, by want of reasonable care and precaution, led to the infliction of an injury on our neighbours, and that we owe reparation accordingly. Such complaints are constantly made and attended to in private life without involving the impeachment of anybody's honour. If I am charged with having neglected my fences and thereby allowed my cattle to escape and do mischief in my neighbour's grounds, am I to be allowed to meet his demand for reparation by saying that I am the only guardian of my own honour?

Again, Lord Russell says he will not consent to arbitration because he cannot submit the correctness of the Attorney-General's opinion on the law of England to the decision of a foreign Power. But nobody has asked him to do anything of the kind. The Attorney-General is in no way concerned with the present issue, which relates wholly to the external conduct of the English Government in its dealings with another country. The Attorney-General is the adviser of his own Government on the state of the English law, not the arbiter of what is due from the English Government to those of foreign nations. The Attorney-General to the Dey of Algiers advised the Dey that, according to the law of that state, piracy on the high seas was a legal and laudable occupation. We did not question in the slightest degree the correctness of this opinion, though we very properly knocked the Dey's city about his ears.

It is no disparagement to Earl Russell's capacity to say that the traditions upon which he acts are drawn rather from a by-gone age—an age which settled all questions, not by arbitration, but by force; and, when we may add, the relative strength of England and her neighbours naturally tempted her, oftener than she ought, to insist on being, in questions of right, "the guardian of her own honour,"—in other words, judge in her own cause. Our policy is not likely to be brought entirely into harmony with a new morality and with changed circumstances until we have a Minister of the present generation.

The Attorney-General's law, as delivered in the debate on the *Alabama*, happens, we believe, to be looser than that of other jur-

ists on the same side. It would in this case be doubly absurd and wrong to take our stand upon that opinion, and in deference to it to refuse the obvious means of averting war. But, we repeat, the opinion of the domestic advisers of our Government is in no way concerned in the present issue.

That which, as all men of sense on both sides feel and say, ought to result from the present discussion, is not a war, which would be simply a disgrace to our civilization as well as to our humanity, but a stricter understanding between the two nations for the future on a subject of vital importance to both of them, and not more so to us than to the Americans, who have a vast ocean commerce and carrying trade, without, in ordinary times, a great war navy for their protection.

At present the American Foreign Enlistment Act may be somewhat stricter than ours, but we suspect that it is not, any more than our own, sufficient to meet all the Protean forms of this most heinous and dangerous offence. There is nothing, we believe, in either Act to prevent a ship from being built in a private yard, on a private speculation, without any contract or understanding for sale to any foreign Power, and, when she is completed, taken out to sea, there sold to a belligerent, and by that belligerent immediately commissioned and launched on a course of depredation against the commerce of a Power friendly to the nation in whose port the ship was built. She would be contraband of war, no doubt, in the same sense as a rifle or a bag of salt-petre, but her builders and vendors would be liable to no other penalties, provided the sale was *bonâ fide*, and no agreement could be proved to have been entered into while the ship was in port. And if this door of evasion is really open, as the law now stands, cupidity may drive a coach and four through the Foreign Enlistment Acts of both nations at its pleasure.

These events, furthermore, have clearly revealed the necessity of placing in the hands of all Governments some more effectual instrument for controlling the acts of greedy adventurers, who are ready to sacrifice the peace of nations and the welfare of the country to their own commercial end, than any which the English Government possesses under our existing law. It is not liberty, but anarchy, when men are allowed not only to commit with impunity a crime of the deepest dye, but almost to boast of it before the Legislature of the nation. The thousands and hundreds of thousands who might perish or be ruined through the consequences of

an offence of which they are perfectly innocent, and against which they have protested with all their might, have a right to demand that, as they are protected by a regular police and sufficient penalties against murder and arson, so they shall be protected in the same manner against the building of *Alabamas*.

We have purposely abstained so far from dwelling on the terrible consequences which a war would entail on both nations. England would be able to protect her trade with France, and probably her trade in the Baltic and in the Mediterranean. In fact, the progress of free-trade has now bound the European nations together in a commercial confederacy so close, that an enemy in cutting up the commerce of any one of them would run a serious risk of making enemies of them all. But our Eastern trade would probably be in a great measure destroyed. Our American and West Indian trade would, of course, almost entirely cease. Great suffering, a stoppage of all political and social progress, possibly in the end political convulsions, would be entailed upon this country. We should lose Canada and the West Indies in a way which would inflict upon us immediate dishonour and loss of social strength, though in the long run the severance would be substantially a gain. The Americans would gratify their resentment, but at a tremendous cost. Their import trade would be entirely suspended, at a moment when the import duties are required to sustain a weight of taxation which is fraught with political danger as well with fiscal embarrassment. If they took Canada by force, they would only incorporate a disaffected population, and mar the natural course of events, which is evidently tending to bring all the English-speaking States of America amicably into one great Confederation. They would run a great risk of having the smouldering embers of Southern hostility fanned again into a flame. And they would bring upon themselves at once the heavy expense of replacing their army and fleet upon a war footing; for the belief, which seems to prevail among them, that they would only find it necessary to prepare a few iron-clads for the defence of their principal ports, rests on the precarious assumption, as we venture to think it, that a proud and powerful nation, stung in every part of its frame by a waspish swarm of privateers, and having a vast mass of sailors thrown from the commercial into the war marine by the destruction of trade, would not attempt to deal a body blow at its enemy either on the eastern or the western

sea. An enemy could offer the Southerners, as the price of co-operation or neutrality, together with independence, immunity from the galling tribute of taxation, which they are called upon to pay as interest on the heavy debt contracted for their own subjugation.

The consequences to the world at large of a war between the two Anglo-Saxon nations may be summed up in a word. English liberty would succumb, and French despotism would ride triumphant in one hemisphere certainly, perhaps in both.

But we will augur no such evil; and while a liberal government, containing more than

one tried and staunch friend of the American cause, holds the reins on one side, and Mr. Seward on the other, we can hardly, in spite of ominous appearances, bring ourselves to entertain a serious fear of war. To preserve the honour of both nations and their respect for each other unimpaired, to keep the peace between them, to get the rule of right so vital to both of them clearly laid down and ratified for the future, to sink the precedent of the *Alabama* as deep as the *Alabama* herself is sunk in the sea — these are the objects which true statesmen will keep in view, and which we confidently expect to see accomplished.

## THE LAUREL AND THE OLIVE.

At a fête given by Cambacères to Napoleon, October 8, 1800, a song composed in honor of the First Consul by the celebrated Chevalier de Boufflers, then sixty-three years of age, was sung; and the following couplet so well applies to our great and modest Lieutenant-General, whose sobriquet of "Unconditional Surrender" beautifully blends with his efforts to restore good feelings, whether his hopes be well founded or vain, that I venture to send you my free translation.

The rendering rang in my ears as I was watching from a window the tattered flags under which we have marched to glory, and while my eyes were filled with tears at the recognition of my old regiment, friends, brothers, children, as my heart feels them to be.

## ONE OF THE FIRST MASSACHUSETTS CAVALRY.

"Admirez, à ces traits si calmes,  
Ce Guerrier si fier et si doux,  
Qui revient du pays des palmes  
Planter l'olivier parmi nous.  
Tranquille au fort de la tempête.  
Et modéré dans le bonheur,  
Si la victoire est dans sa tête,  
Il porte la paix dans son cœur."

## TRANSLATION.

To this calm greatness, reverence show!  
So fierce, so mild, a soldier, He,  
Who comes from fields where laurels grow,  
To plant with us the olive-tree.  
So tranquil at the tempest's height,  
So moderate when Good Fortune blessed,  
His brain bore victory armed for fight,  
But Peace he nurtured in his breast.

BOSTON, DEC. 22, 1865.

—Daily Advertiser.

## BLOSSOM AND FRUIT.

Who weeps for childhood's joys?

What are they but a round of tricks and fun-  
ning,

A vast bazaar of toys,  
And hide-go-seek, and laughs and cries and  
cunning?

As well grieve for the noise  
The brooklet makes when to the river run-  
ning!

When fruit is in its prime,  
Who cares for petals dropped in fragrant  
flutter

In the sweet blossom-time? —  
Or, when the strong man burning thoughts  
doth utter,

Who sighs for the droll chime  
When his queer baby-tongue began to stutter?

Never doth noonday sigh  
To be the dawn again — with crimson flushes!  
No oak-tree towering high  
Would be a bush again among the bushes!  
Only weak man doth cry  
For babyhood, and nursery tales and hushes!

Our brightest hours fly fast!  
And if we pine for Life's poor frail beginning  
The golden Now is Past,  
While we look backward in regretful sinning:  
Joy waits, and Heaven is vast!  
And both are for our seeking and our winning.

And Time is but a school,  
Where all great souls to some broad truth  
awaken; —  
A mighty vestibule  
Where from our feet the mortal dust is shaken,  
And where from ceaseless rule  
The hungering, thirsting heart at last is taken.

EMILIE LAWSON.

—Public Opinion.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

THERE IS NOTHING TO TELL.

CAPTAIN AYLMER had never before this knelt to Clara Amedroz. Such kneeling on the part of lovers used to be the fashion, because lovers in those days held in higher value than they do now that which they asked their ladies to give,—or because they pretended to do so. The forms at least of supplication were used; whereas in these wiser days Augustus simply suggests to Caroline that they two might as well make fools of themselves together,—and so the thing is settled without the need of much prayer. Captain Aylmer's engagement had been originally made somewhat after this fashion. He had not, indeed, spoken of the thing contemplated as a folly, not being a man given to little waggeries of that nature; but he had been calm, unenthusiastic, and reasonable. He had not attempted to evince any passion, and would have been quite content that Clara should believe that he married as much from obedience to his aunt as from love for herself, had he not found that Clara would not take him at all under such a conviction. But though she had declined to come to him after that fashion,—though something more than that had been needed,—still she had been won easily, and, therefore, lightly prized. I fear that it is so with everything that we value,—with our horses, our houses, our wines, and, above all, with our women. Where is the man who has heart and soul big enough to love a woman with increased force of passion because she has at once recognized in him all that she has herself desired? Captain Aylmer having won his spurs easily, had taken no care in buckling them, and now found, to his surprise, that he was like to lose them. He had told himself that he would only be too glad to shuffle his feet free of their bondage; but now that they were going from him, he began to find that they were very necessary for the road that he was to travel. "Clara," he said, kneeling by her side, "you are more to me than my mother; ten times more!"

This was all new to her. Hitherto, though she had never desired that he should assume such attitude as this, she had constantly been unconsciously wounded by his coldness,—by his cold propriety and unbending self-possession. His cold propriety and unbending self-possession were gone now, and he was there at her feet. Such an argument, used at Aylmer Park, would have

conquered her,—would have won her at once, in spite of herself; but now she was minded to be resolute. She had sworn to herself that she would not peril herself, or him, by joining herself to a man with whom she had so little sympathy, and who apparently had none with her. But in what way was she to answer such a prayer as that which was now made to her? The man who addressed her was entitled to use all the warmth of an accepted lover. He only asked for that which had already been given to him.

"Captain Aylmer—," she began.

"Why is it to be Captain Aylmer? What have I done that you should use me in this way? It was not I who,—who,—made you unhappy at Aylmer Park."

"I will not go back to that. It is of no use. Pray get up. It shocks me to see you in this way."

"Tell me, then, that it is once more all right between us. Say that, and I shall be happier than I ever was before;—yes, than I ever was before. I know how much I love you now, how sore it would be to lose you. I have been wrong. I had not thought enough of that, but I will think of it now."

She found that the task before her was very difficult,—so difficult that she almost broke down in performing it. It would have been so easy and, for the moment, so pleasant to have yielded. He had his hand upon her arm, having attempted to take her hand. In preventing that she had succeeded, but she could not altogether make herself free from him without rising. For a moment she had paused,—paused as though she were about to yield. For a moment, as he looked into her eyes, he had thought that he would again be victorious. Perhaps there was something in his glance, some too visible return of triumph to his eyes, which warned her of her danger. "No!" she said, getting up and walking away from him; "no!"

"And what does 'no' mean, Clara?" Then he also rose, and stood leaning on the table. "Does it mean that you will be forsworn?"

"It means this,—that I will not come between you and your mother; that I will not be taken into a family in which I am scorned; that I will not go to Aylmer Park myself or be the means of preventing you from going there."

"There need be no question of Aylmer Park."

"There shall be none!"

"But, so much being allowed, you will be my wife?"



"No, Captain Aylmer;—no. I cannot be your wife. Do not press it further; you must know that on such a subject I would think much before I answered you. I have thought much, and I know that I am right."

"And your promised word is to go for nothing?"

"If it will comfort you to say so, you may say it. If you do not perceive that the mistake made between us has been as much your mistake as mine, and has injured me more than it has injured you, I will not remind you of it,—will never remind you of it after this."

"But there has been no mistake, — and there shall be no injury."

"Ah, Captain Aylmer! you do not understand; you cannot understand. I would not for worlds reproach you; but do you think I suffered nothing from your mother?"

"And must I pay for her sins?"

"There shall be no paying, no punishment, and no reproaches. There shall be none at least from me. But,—do not think that I speak in anger or in pride,—I will not marry into Lady Aylmer's family."

"This is too bad;—too bad! After all that is past, it is too bad!"

"What can I say? Would you advise me to do that which would make us both wretched?"

"It would not make me wretched. It would make me happy. It would satisfy me altogether."

"It cannot be, Captain Aylmer. It cannot be. When I speak to you in that way, will you not let it be final?"

He paused a moment before he spoke again, and then he turned sharp upon her. "Tell me this, Clara; do you love me? Have you ever loved me?" She did not answer him, but stood there, listening quietly to his accusations. "You have never loved me, and yet you have allowed yourself to say that you did. Is not that true?" Still she did not answer. "I ask you whether that is not true?" But though he asked her, and paused for an answer, looking the while full into her face, yet she did not speak. "And now I suppose you will become your cousin's wife?" he said. "It will suit you to change, and to say that you love him."

Then at last she spoke. "I did not think that you would have treated me in this way, Captain Aylmer! I did not expect that you would insult me!"

"I have not insulted you."

"But your manner to me makes my task easier than I could have hoped it to be."

You asked me whether I ever loved you? I once thought that I did so; and so thinking, told you, without reserve, all my feeling. When I came to find that I had been mistaken, I conceived myself bound by my engagement to rectify my own error as best I could; and I resolved, wrongly,—as I now think, very wrongly,—that I could learn as your wife to love you. Then came circumstances which showed me that a release would be good for both of us, and which justified me in accepting it. No girl could be bound by any engagement to a man who looked on and saw her treated in his own home, by his own mother, as you saw me treated at Aylmer Park. I claim to be released myself, and I know that this release is as good for you as it is for me."

"I am the best judge of that."

"For myself at any rate I will judge. For myself I have decided. Now I have answered the questions which you asked me as to my love for yourself. To that other question which you have thought fit to put to me about my cousin, I refuse to give any answer whatsoever." Then, having said so much, she walked out of the room, closing the door behind her, and left him standing there alone.

We need not follow her as she went up, almost mechanically, into her own room,—the room that used to be her own,—and then shut herself in, waiting till she should be assured, first by sounds in the house, and then by silence, that he was gone. That she fell away greatly from the majesty of her demeanour when she was thus alone, and descended to the ordinary ways of troubled females, we may be quite sure. But to her there was no further difficulty. Her work for the day was done. In due time she would take herself to the cottage, and all would be well, or, at any rate, comfortable with her. But what was he to do? How was he to get himself out of the house, and take himself back to London? While he had been in pursuit of her, and when he was leaving his vehicle at the public-house in the village of Belton, he,—like some other invading generals,—had failed to provide adequately for his retreat. When he was alone he took a turn or two about the room, half thinking that Clara would return to him. She could hardly leave him alone in a strange house,—him, who, as he had twice told her, had come all the way from Yorkshire to see her. But she did not return, and gradually he came to understand that he must provide for his own retreat without assistance. He was hardly aware, even now, how greatly he had tran-

scended his usual modes of speech and action, both in the energy of his supplication and in the violence of his rebuke. He had been lifted for awhile out of himself by the excitement of his position, and now that he was subsiding into quiescence, he was unconscious that he had almost mounted into passion, — that he had spoken of love very nearly with eloquence. But he did recognize this as a fact, — that Clara was not to be his wife, and that he had better get back from Belton to London as quickly as possible. It would be well for him to teach himself to look back on the result of his aunt's dying request as an episode in his life satisfactorily concluded. His mother had undoubtedly been right. Clara, he could now see, would have led him the devil of a life; and even had she come to him possessed of a moiety of the property, — a supposition as to which he had very strong doubts, — still she might have been dear at the money. "No real feeling," he said to himself, as he walked about the room, — "none whatever; and then so deficient in delicacy!" But still he was disconcerted, — because he had been rejected, and therefore tried to make himself believe that he could still have her if he chose to persevere. "But no," he said, as he continued to pace the room, "I have done everything, — more than everything that honour demands. I shall not ask her again. It is her own fault. She is an imperious woman, and my mother read her character right." It did not occur to him, as he thus consoled himself for what he had lost, that his mother's accusation against Clara had been altogether of a different nature. When we console ourselves by our own arguments, we are not apt to examine their accuracy with much strictness.

But whether he were consoled or not, it was necessary that he should go, and in his going he felt himself to be ill-treated. He left the room, and as he went down stairs was disturbed and tormented by the creaking of his own boots. He tried to be dignified as he walked through the hall, and was troubled at his failure, though he was not conscious of any one looking at him. Then it was grievous that he should have to let himself out of the front door without attendance. At ordinary times he thought as little of such things as most men, and would not be aware whether he opened a door for himself or had it opened for him by another; but now there was a distressing awkwardness in the necessity for self-exertion. He did not know the turn of the handle, and was unfamiliar with the man-

ner of exit. He was being treated with indignity, and before he had escaped from the house had come to think that the Amedroz and Belton people were somewhat below him. He endeavoured to go out without a noise, but there was a slam of the door, without which he could not get the lock to work; and Clara, up in her own room, knew all about it.

"Carriage; — yes; of course I want the carriage," he said to the unfortunate boy at the public-house. "Didn't you hear me say that I wanted it?" He had come down with a pair of horses, and as he saw them being put to the vehicle he wished he had been contented with one. As he was standing there, waiting, a gentleman rode by, and the boy, in answer to his question, told him that the horseman was Colonel Askerton. Before the day was over Colonel Askerton would probably know all that had happened to him. "Do move a little quicker; will you?" he said to the boy and the old man that was to drive him. Then he got into the carriage, and was driven out of Belton, devoutly purposing that he never would return; and as he made his way back to Perivale he thought of a certain Lady Emily, who would, as he assured himself, have behaved much better than Clara Amedroz had done in any such scene as that which had just taken place.

When Clara was quite sure that Captain Aymer was off the premises, she, too, descended, but she did not immediately leave the house. She walked through the room, and rang for the old woman, and gave certain directions, — as to the performance of which she certainly was not very anxious, and was careful to make Mrs. Bunce understand that nothing had occurred between her and the gentleman that was either exalting or depressing in its nature. "I suppose Captain Aymer went out, Mrs. Bunce?" "Oh yes, Miss, a' went out. I stood and see'd un from the top of the kitchen stairs." "You might have opened the door for him, Mrs. Bunce." "Indeed then I never thought of it, Miss, seeing the house so empty and the like." Clara said that it did not signify; and then, after an hour of composure, she walked back across the park to the cottage.

"Well?" said Mrs. Askerton as soon as Clara was inside the drawing-room.

"Well," replied Clara.

"What have you got to tell? Do tell me what you have to tell."

"I have nothing to tell."

"Clara, that is impossible. Have you

seen him? I know you have seen him, because he went by from the house about an hour since."

"Oh yes; I have seen him."

"And what have you said to him?"

"Pray do not ask me these questions just now. I have got to think of it all;—to think what he did say and what I said."

"But you will tell me."

"Yes; I suppose so." Then Mrs. Askerton was silent on the subject for the remainder of the day, allowing Clara even to go to bed without another question. And nothing was asked on the following morning,—nothing till the usual time for the writing of letters.

"Shall you have anything for the post?" said Mrs. Askerton.

"There is plenty of time yet."

"Not too much if you mean to go out at all. Come, Clara, you had better write to him at once."

"Write to whom? I don't know that I have any letter to write at all." Then there was a pause. "As far as I can see," she said, "I may give up writing altogether for the future, unless some day you may care to hear from me."

"But you are not going away."

"Not just yet;—if you will keep me. To tell you the truth, Mrs. Askerton, I do not yet know where on earth to take myself."

"Wait here till we turn you out."

"I've got to put my house in order. You know what I mean. The job ought not to be a troublesome one, for it is a very small house."

"I suppose I know what you mean."

"It will not be a very smart establishment. But I must look it all in the face; must I not? Though it were to be no house at all, I cannot stay here all my life."

"Yes, you may. You have lost Aylmer Park because you were too noble not to come to us."

"No," said Clara, speaking aloud, with bright eyes. "—almost with her hands clinched. 'No;—I deny that.'"

"I shall choose to think so for my own purposes. Clara, you are savage to me;—almost always savage; but next to him I love you better than all the world beside. And so does he. 'It's her courage,' he said to me the other day. 'That she should dare to do as she pleases here, is nothing; but to have dared to persevere in the fangs of that old dragon,'—it was just what he said, '—that was wonderful!'"

"There is an end of the old dragon now, as far as I am concerned."

"Of course there is;—and of the young dragon too. You wouldn't have had the heart to keep me in suspense if you had accepted him again. You couldn't have been so pleasant last night if that had been so."

"I did not know I was very pleasant."

"Yes, you were. You were soft and gracious,—gracious for you, at least. And now, dear, do tell me about it. Of course I am dying to know."

"There is nothing to tell."

"That is nonsense. There must be a thousand things to tell. At any rate, it is quite decided?"

"Yes; it is quite decided."

"All the dragons, old and young, are banished into outer darkness."

"Either that, or else they are to have all the light to themselves."

"Such light as glimmers through the gloom of Aylmer Park. And was he contented? I hope not. I hope you had him on his knees before he left you."

"Why should you hope that? How can you talk such nonsense?"

"Because I wish that he should recognise what he has lost;—that he should know that he has been a fool;—a mean fool."

"Mrs. Askerton, I will not have him spoken of like that. He is a man very estimable,—of excellent qualities."

"Fiddle-de-dee. He is an ape,—a monkey to be carried on his mother's organ. His only good quality was that you could have carried him on yours. I can tell you one thing; there is not a woman breathing that will ever carry William Belton on her. Whoever his wife may be, she will have to dance to his piping."

"With all my heart;—and I hope the tunes will be good."

"But I wish I could have been present to have heard what passed;—hidden, you know, behind a curtain. You won't tell me?"

"I will tell you not a word more."

"Then I will get it out from Mrs. Bunce. I'll be bound she was listening."

"Mrs. Bunce will have nothing to tell you; and I do not know why you should be so curious."

"Answer me one question at least;—when it came to the last, did he want to go on with it? Was the final triumph with him or with you?"

"There was no final triumph. Such things, when they have to end, do not end triumphantly."

"And is that to be all?"

"Yes;—that is to be all."

"And you say that you have no letter to write."

"None;—no letter; none at present; none about this affair. Captain Aylmer, no doubt, will write to his mother, and then all those who are concerned will have been told."

Clara Amedroz held her purpose and wrote no letter, but Mrs. Askerton was not so discreet, or so indiscreet, as the case might be. She did write,—not on that day or on the next, but before a week had passed by. She wrote to Norfolk, telling Clara not a word of her letter, and by return of post the answer came. But the answer was for Clara, not for Mrs. Askerton, and was as follows:—

"Plaistow Hall, April, 186—.

"MY DEAR CLARA,

"I don't know whether I ought to tell you, but I suppose I may as well tell you, that Mary has had a letter from Mrs. Askerton. It was a kind, obliging letter, and I am very grateful to her. She has told us that you have separated yourself altogether from the Aylmer Park people. I don't suppose you'll think I ought to pretend to be very sorry. I can't be sorry, even though I know how much you have lost in a worldly point of view. I could not bring myself to like Captain Aylmer, though I tried hard." [Oh, Mr. Belton, Mr. Belton!] "He and I never could have been friends, and it is no use my pretending regret that you have quarrelled with them. But that, I suppose, is all over, and I will not say a word more about the Aylmers.

"I am writing now chiefly at Mary's advice, and because she says that something should be settled about the estate. Of course it is necessary that you should feel yourself to be the mistress of your own income, and understand exactly your own position. Mary says that this should be arranged at once, so that you may be able to decide how and where you will live. I therefore write to say that I will have nothing to do with your father's estate at Belton;—nothing, that is, for myself. I have written to Mr. Green to tell him that you are to be considered as the heir. If you will allow me to undertake the management of the property as your agent, I shall be delighted. I think I could do it as well as any one else; and, as we agreed that we would always be dear and close friends, I think that you will not refuse me the pleasure of serving you in this way.

"And now Mary has a proposition to make, as to which she will write herself to-morrow, but she has permitted me to speak of it first. If you will accept her as a visitor, she will go to you at Belton. She thinks, and I think too, that you ought to know each other. I suppose nothing would make you come here,—at present, and therefore she must go to you. She thinks that all about the estate would be settled more comfortably if you two were together. At any rate, it would be very nice for her,—and I think you would like my sister Mary. She proposes to start about the 10th of May. I should take her as far as London and see her off, and she would bring her own maid with her. In this way she thinks that she would get as far as Taunton very well. She had, perhaps, better stay there for one night, but that can all be settled if you will say that you will receive her at the house.

"I cannot finish my letter without saying one word for myself. You know what my feelings have been, and I think you know that they still are, and always must be, the same. From almost the first moment that I saw you I have loved you. When you refused me I was very unhappy; but I thought I might still have a chance, and therefore I resolved to try again. Then, when I heard that you were engaged to Captain Aylmer, I was indeed broken-hearted. Of course I could not be angry with you. I was not angry, but I was simply broken-hearted. I found that I loved you so much that I could not make myself happy without you. It was all of no use, for I knew that you were to be married to Captain Aylmer. I knew it, or thought that I knew it. There was nothing to be done,—only I knew that I was wretched. I suppose it is selfishness, but I felt, and still feel, that unless I can have you for my wife, I cannot be happy or care for anything. Now you are free again,—free, I mean, from Captain Aylmer;—and how is it possible that I should not again have a hope? Nothing but your marriage or death could keep me from hoping.

"I don't know much about the Aylmers. I know nothing of what has made you quarrel with the people at Aylmer Park;—nor do I want to know. To me you are once more that Clara Amedroz with whom I used to walk in Belton Park, with your hand free to be given wherever your heart can go with it. While it is free I shall always ask for it. I know that it is in many ways above my reach. I quite understand that in education and habits of thinking you are my superior. But nobody can love you bet-



ter than I do. I sometimes fancy that nobody could ever love you so well. Mary thinks that I ought to allow a time to go by before I say all this again;—but what is the use of keeping it back? It seems to me to be more honest to tell you at once that the only thing in the world for which I care one straw is that you should be my wife.

"Your most affectionate cousin,

"WILLIAM BELTON."

"Miss Belton is coming here, to the castle, in about a fortnight," said Clara that morning at breakfast. Both Colonel Askerton and his wife were in the room, and she was addressing herself chiefly to the former.

"Indeed. Miss Belton! And is he coming?" said Colonel Askerton.

"So you have heard from Plaistow?" said Mrs. Askerton.

"Yes;—in answer to your letter. No, Colonel Askerton, my cousin William is not coming. But his sister purposes to be here, and I must go up to the house and get it ready."

"That will do when the time comes," said Mrs. Askerton.

"I did not mean quite immediately."

"And are you to be her guest, or is she to be yours?" said Colonel Askerton.

"It is her brother's home, and therefore I suppose I must be hers. Indeed it must be so, as I have no means of entertaining any one."

"Something, no doubt, will be settled," said the Colonel.

"O what a weary word that is," said Clara; "weary, at least, for a woman's ears! It sounds of poverty and dependence, and endless trouble given to others, and all the miseries of female dependence. If I were a young man I should be allowed to settle for myself."

"There would be no question about the property in that case," said the Colonel.

"And there need be no question now," said Mrs. Askerton.

When the two women were alone together, Clara, of course, scolded her friend for having written to Norfolk without letting it be known that she was doing so;—scolded her, and declared how vain it was for her to make useless efforts for an unattainable end; but Mrs. Askerton always managed to slip out of these reproaches, neither asserting herself to be right, nor owning herself to be wrong. "But you must answer his letter," she said.

"Of course I shall do that."

"I wish I knew what he said."

"I shan't show it you, if you mean that."

"All the same I wish I knew what he said."

Clara, of course, did answer the letter; but she wrote her answer to Mary, sending, however, one little scrap to Mary's brother. She wrote to Mary at great length, striving to explain, with long and laborious arguments, that it was quite impossible that she should accept the Belton estate from her cousin. That subject, however, and the manner of her future life, she would discuss with her dear cousin Mary, when Mary should have arrived. And then Clara said how she would go to Taunton to meet her cousin, and how she would prepare William's house for the reception of William's sister; and how she would love her cousin when she should come to know her. All of which was exceedingly proper and pretty. Then there was a little postscript, "Give the enclosed to William." And this was the note to William:—

"DEAR WILLIAM,

"Did you not say that you would be my brother? Be my brother always. I will accept from your hands all that a brother could do; and when that arrangement is quite fixed I will love you as much as Mary loves you, and trust you as completely; and I will be obedient, as a younger sister should be.

"Your loving sister,

"C. A."

"It's all no good," said William Belton, as he crunched the note in his hand. "I might as well shoot myself. Get out of the way there, will you?" And the injured groom scudded across the farm-yard, knowing that there was something wrong with his master.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### MARY BELTON.

It was about the middle of the pleasant month of May when Clara Amedroz again made that often repeated journey to Taunton with the object of meeting Mary Belton. She had transferred herself and her own peculiar belongings back from the cottage to the house, and had again established herself there so that she might welcome her new friend. But she was not satisfied with simply receiving her guest at Belton, and

therefore she made the journey to Taunton, and settled herself for the night at the inn. She was careful to get a bed-room for an "invalid lady," close to the sitting-room, and before she went down to the station she saw that the cloth was laid for tea, and that the tea parlour had been made to look as pleasant as was possible with an inn parlour.

She was very nervous as she stood upon the platform waiting for the new-comer to show herself. She knew that Mary was a cripple, but did not know how far her cousin was disfigured by her infirmity; and when she saw a pale-faced little woman, somewhat melancholy, but yet pretty withal, with soft, clear eyes, and only so much appearance of a stoop as to soften the hearts of those who saw her, Clara was agreeably surprised, and felt herself to be suddenly relieved of an unpleasant weight. She could talk to the woman she saw there, as to any other woman, without the painful necessity of treating her always as an invalid. "I think you are Miss Belton?" she said, holding out her hand. The likeness between Mary and her brother was too great to allow of Clara being mistaken.

"And you are Clara Amedroz? It is so good of you to come to meet me!"

"I thought you would be dull in a strange town by yourself."

"It will be much nicer to have you with me."

Then they went together up to the inn; and when they had taken their bonnets off, Mary Belton kissed her cousin. "You are very nearly what I fancied you," said Mary.

"Am I? I hope you fancied me to be something that you could like."

"Something that I could love very dearly. You are a little taller than what Will said; but then a gentleman is never a judge of a lady's height. And he said you were thin."

"I am not very fat."

"No; not very fat; but neither are you thin. Of course, you know, I have thought a great deal about you. It seems as though you had come to be so very near to us; and blood is thicker than water, is it not? If cousins are not friends, who can be?"

In the course of that evening they became very confidential together, and Clara thought that she could love Mary Belton better than any woman that she had ever known. Of course they were talking about William, and Clara was at first in constant fear lest some word should be said on her lover's behalf, — some word which

would drive her to declare that she would not admit him as a lover; but Mary abstained from the subject with marvellous care and tact. Though she was talking through the whole evening of her brother, she so spoke of him as almost to make Clara believe that she could not have heard of that episode in his life. Mrs. Askerton would have dashed at the subject at once; but then, as Clara told herself, Mary Belton was better than Mrs. Askerton.

A few words were said about the estate, and they originated in Clara's declaration that Mary would have to be regarded as the mistress of the house to which they were going. "I cannot agree to that," said Mary.

"But the house is William's, you know," said Clara.

"He says not."

"But of course that must be nonsense, Mary."

"It is very evident that you know nothing of Plaistow ways, or you would not say that anything coming from William was nonsense. We are accustomed to regard all his words as law, and when he says that a thing is to be so, it always is so."

"Then he is a tyrant at home."

"A beneficent despot. Some despots, you know, always were beneficent."

"He won't have his way in this thing."

"I'll leave you and him to fight about that, my dear. I am so completely under his thumb that I always obey him in everything. You must not, therefore, expect to range me on your side."

The next day they were at Belton Castle, and in a very few hours Clara felt that she was quite at home with her cousin. On the second day Mrs. Askerton came up and called, — according to an arrangement to that effect made between her and Clara. "I'll stay away if you like it," Mrs. Askerton had said. But Clara had urged her to come, arguing with her that she was foolish to be thinking always of her own misfortune. "Of course I am always thinking of it," she had replied, "and always thinking that other people are thinking of it. Your cousin, Miss Belton, knows all my history, of course. But what matter? I believe it would be better that everybody should know it. I suppose she's very straight-laced and prim." "She is not prim at all," said Clara. "Well, I'll come," said Mrs. Askerton, "but I shall not be a bit surprised if I hear that she goes back to Norfolk the next day."

So Mrs. Askerton came, and Miss Belton did not go back to Norfolk. Indeed, at the

end of the visit, Mrs. Askerton had almost taught herself to believe that William Belton had kept her secret, even from his sister. "She's a dear little woman," Mrs. Askerton afterwards said to Clara.

"Is she not?"

"And so thoroughly like a lady."

"Yes; I think she is a lady."

"A princess among ladies! What a pretty little conscious way she has of asserting herself when she has an opinion and means to stick to it! I never saw a woman who got more strength out of her weakness. Who would dare to contradict her?"

"But then she knows everything so well," said Clara.

"And how like her brother she is!"

"Yes;—there is a great family likeness."

"And in character, too. I'm sure you'd find, if you were to try her, that she has all his personal firmness, though she can't show it as he does by kicking out his feet and clinching his fist."

"I'm glad you like her," said Clara.

"I do like her very much."

"It is so odd,—the way you have changed. You used to speak of him as though he was merely a clod of a farmer, and of her as a stupid old maid. Now, nothing is too good to say of them."

"Exactly, my dear;—and if you do not understand why, you are not so clever as I take you to be."

Life went on very pleasantly with them at Belton for two or three weeks;—but with this drawback as regarded Clara, that she had no means of knowing what was to be the course of her future life. During these weeks she twice received letters from her cousin Will, and answered both of them. But these letters referred to matters of business which entailed no contradiction,—to certain details of money due to the estate before the old squire's death, and to that vexed question of Aunt Winterfield's legacy, which had by this time drifted into Belton's hands, and as to which he was inclined to act in accordance with his cousin's wishes, though he was assured by Mr. Green that the legacy was as good a legacy as had ever been left by an old woman. "I think," he said in his last letter, "that we shall be able to throw him over in spite of Mr. Green." Clara, as she read this, could not but remember that the man to be thrown over was the man to whom she had been engaged, and she could not but remember also all the circumstances of

the intended legacy,—of her aunt's death, and of the scenes which had immediately followed her death. It was so odd that William Belton should now be discussing with her the means of evading all her aunt's intentions,—and that he should be doing so, not as her accepted lover. He had, indeed, called himself her brother, but he was in truth her rejected lover.

From time to time during these weeks Mrs. Askerton would ask her whether Mr. Belton was coming to Belton, and Clara would answer her with perfect truth that she did not believe that he had any such intention. "But he must come soon," Mrs. Askerton would say. And when Clara would answer that she knew nothing about it, Mrs. Askerton would ask further questions about Mary Belton. "Your cousin must know whether her brother is coming to look after the property?" But Miss Belton, though she heard constantly from her brother, gave no such intimation. If he had any intention of coming, she did not speak of it. During all these days she had not as yet said a word of her brother's love. Though his name was daily in her mouth,—and: latterly, was frequently mentioned by Clara,—there had been no allusion to that still enduring hope of which Will Belton himself could not but speak,—when he had any opportunity of speaking at all. And this continued till at last Clara was driven to suppose that Mary Belton knew nothing of her brother's hopes.

But at last there came a change,—a change which to Clara was as great as that which had affected her when she first found that her delightful cousin was not safe against love-making. She had made up her mind that the sister did not intend to plead for her brother,—that the sister probably knew nothing of the brother's necessity for pleading,—that the brother probably had no further need for pleading! When she remembered his last passionate words, she could not but accuse herself of hypocrisy when she allowed place in her thoughts to this latter supposition. He had been so intently earnest! The nature of the man was so eager and true! But yet, in spite of all that had been said, of all the fire in his eyes, and life in his words, and energy in his actions, he had at last seen that his aspirations were foolish, and his desires vain. It could not otherwise be that she and Mary should pass these hours in such calm repose without an allusion to the disturbing subject! After this fashion,

and with such meditations as these, had passed by the last weeks;—and then at last there came the change.

"I have had a letter from William this morning," said Mary.

"And so have not I," said Clara, "and yet I expected to hear from him."

"He means to be here soon," said Mary.

"Oh, indeed!"

"He speaks of being here next week."

For a moment or two Clara had yielded to the agitation caused by her cousin's tidings; but with a little gush she recovered her presence of mind, and was able to speak with all the hypocritical propriety of a female. "I am glad to hear it," she said. "It is only right that he should come."

"He has asked me to say a word to you, — as to the purport of his journey."

Then again Clara's courage and hypocrisy were so far subdued that they were not able to maintain her in a position adequate to the occasion. "Well," she said, laughing, "what is the word? I hope it is not that I am to pack up, bag and baggage, and take myself elsewhere. Cousin William is one of those persons who are willing to do everything except what they are wanted to do. He will go on talking about the Belton Estate, when I want to know whether I may really look for as much as twelve shillings a week to live upon."

"He wants me to speak to you about — about the earnest love he bears for you."

"Oh dear, Mary! — could you not suppose it all to be said? It is an old trouble, and need not be repeated."

"No," said Mary. "I cannot suppose it to be all said." Clara looking up as she heard the voice, was astonished both by the fire in the woman's eye and by the force of her tone. "I will not think so meanly of you as to believe that such words from such a man can be passed by as meaning nothing. I will not say that you ought to be able to love him; in that you cannot control your heart; but if you cannot love him, the want of such love ought to make you suffer, — to suffer much and be very sad."

"I cannot agree to that, Mary."

"Is all his life nothing, then? Do you know what love means with him; — this love which he bears to you? Do you understand that it is everything to him? — that from the first moment in which he acknowledged to himself that his heart was set upon you, he could not bring himself to set it upon any other thing for a moment? Perhaps you have never understood this; have never perceived that he is as much in earnest, that to him it is more

than money, or land, or health, — more than life itself; — that he so loves that he would willingly give everything that he has for his love? Have you known this?"

Clara would not answer these questions for awhile. What if she had known it all, was she therefore bound to sacrifice herself? Could it be the duty of any woman to give herself to a man simply because a man wanted her? That was the argument as it was put forward now by Mary Belton.

"Dear, dearest Clara," said Mary Belton, stretching herself forward from her chair, and putting out her thin, almost transparent, hand, "I do not think that you have thought enough of this; or, perhaps, you have not known it. But his love for you is as I say. To him it is everything. It pervades every hour of every day, every corner in his life! He knows nothing of anything else while he is in his present state."

"He is very good; — more than good."

"He is very good."

"But I do not see that; — that — of course I know how disinterested he is."

"Disinterested is a poor word. It insinuates that in such a matter there could be a question of what people call interest."

"And I know, too, how much he honours me."

"Honour is a cold word. It is not honour, but love, — downright true, honest love. I hope he does honour you. I believe you to be an honest, true woman; and, as he knows you well, he probably does honour you; — but I am speaking of love." Again Clara was silent. She knew what should be her argument if she were determined to oppose her cousin's pleadings; and she knew also, — she thought she knew, — that she did intend to oppose them; but there was a coldness in the argument to which she was averse. "You cannot be insensible to such love as that!" said Mary, going on with the cause which she had in hand.

"You say that he is fond of me."

"Fond of you! I have not used such trifling expressions as that."

"That he loves me."

"You know he loves you. Have you ever doubted a word that he has spoken to you on any subject?"

"I believe he speaks truly."

"You know he speaks truly. He is the very soul of truth."

"But, Mary —"

"Well, Clara! But remember; do not answer me lightly. Do not play with a man's heart because you have it in your power."

"You wrong me. I could never do like



that. You tell me that he loves me;—but what if I do not love him? Love will not be constrained. Am I to say that I love him because I believe that he loves me?"

This was the argument, and Clara found herself driven to use it,—not so much from its special applicability to herself, as on account of its general fitness. Whether it did or did not apply to herself she had not time to ask herself at that moment; but she felt that no man could have a right to claim a woman's hand on the strength of his own love,—unless he had been able to win her love. She was arguing on behalf of women in general rather than on her own behalf.

"If you mean to tell me that you cannot love him, of course I must give over," said Mary, not caring at all for men and women in general, but full of anxiety for her brother. "Do you mean to say that,—that you can never love him?" It almost seemed, from her face, that she was determined utterly to quarrel with her new-found cousin,—to quarrel and to go at once away if she got an answer that would not please her.

"Dear Mary, do not press me so hard."

"But I want to press you hard. It is not right that he should lose his life in longing and hoping."

"He will not lose his life, Mary."

"I hope not;—not if I can help it. I trust that he will be strong enough to get rid of his trouble,—to put it down and trample it under his feet." Clara, as she heard this, began to ask herself what it was that was to be trampled under Will's feet. "I think he will be man enough to overcome his passion; and then, perhaps,—you may regret what you have lost."

"Now you are unkind to me."

"Well; what would you have me say? Do I not know that he is offering you the best gift that he can give? Did I not begin by swearing to you that he loved you with a passion of love that cannot but be flattering to you? If it is to be love in vain, this to him is a great misfortune. And, yet, when I say that I hope that he will recover, you tell me that I am unkind."

"No;—not for that."

"May I tell him to come and plead for himself?"

Again Clara was silent, not knowing how to answer that last question. And when she did answer it, she answered it thoughtlessly. "Of course he knows that he can do that."

"He says that he has been forbidden."

"Oh, Mary, what am I to say to you? You know it all, and I wonder that you can continue to question me in this way."

"Know all what?"

"That I have been engaged to Captain Aylmer."

"But you are not engaged to him now."

"No—I am not."

"And there can be no renewal there, I suppose?"

"Oh, no!"

"Not even for my brother would I say a word if I thought"—

"No; there is nothing of that; but—If you cannot understand, I do not think that I can explain it." It seemed to Clara that her cousin, in her anxiety for her brother, did not conceive that a woman, even if she could suddenly transfer her affection from one man to another, could not bring herself to say that she had done so.

"I must write to him to-day," said Mary, "and I must give him some answer. Shall I tell him that he had better not come here till you are gone?"

"That will perhaps be best," said Clara.

"Then he will never come at all."

"I can go;—can go at once. I will go at once. You shall never have to say that my presence prevented his coming to his own house. I ought not to be here. I know it now. I will go away, and you may tell him that I am gone."

"No, dear; you will not go."

"Yes;—I must go. I fancied things might be otherwise, because he once told me that—he would—be—a brother to me. And I said I would hold him to that;—not only because I want a brother so badly, but because I love him so dearly. But it cannot be like that."

"You do not think that he will ever desert you?"

"But I will go away, so that he may come to his own house. I ought not to be here. Of course I ought not to be at Belton,—either in this house or in any other. Tell him that I will be gone before he can come, and tell him also that I will not be too proud to accept from him what it may be fit that he should give me. I have no one but him;—no one but him;—no one but him." Then she burst into tears, and, throwing back her head, covered her face with her hands.

Miss Belton, upon this, rose slowly from the chair on which she was sitting, and making her way painfully across to Clara, stood leaning on the weeping girl's chair. "You shall not go while I am here," she said.

"Yes; I must go. He cannot come till I am gone."

"Think of it all once again, Clara. May I not tell him to come, and that while he is

coming you will see if you cannot soften your heart towards him?"

"Soften my heart! Oh, if I could only harden it!"

"He would wait. If you would only bid him wait, he would be so happy in waiting."

"Yes;—till to-morrow morning. I know him. Hold out your little finger to him, and he has your whole hand and arm in a moment."

"I want you to say that you will try to love him."

But Clara was in truth trying not to love him. She was ashamed of herself because she did love the one man, when, but a few weeks since, she had confessed that she loved another. She had mistaken herself and her own feelings, not in reference to her cousin, but in supposing that she could really have sympathized with such a man as Captain Aylmer. It was necessary to her self-respect that she should be punished because of that mistake. She could not save herself from this condemnation,—she would not grant herself a respite,—because, by doing so, she would make another person happy. Had Captain Aylmer never crossed her path, she would have given her whole heart to her cousin. Nay; she had so given it,—had done so, although Captain Aylmer had crossed her path and come in her way. But it was matter of shame to her to find that this had been possible, and she could not bring herself to confess her shame.

The conversation at last ended, as such conversations always do end, without any positive decision. Mary wrote of course to her brother, but Clara was not told of the contents of the letter. We, however, may know them, and may understand their nature, without learning above two lines of the letter. "If you can be content to wait awhile, you will succeed," said Mary; "but when were you ever content to wait for anything?" "If there is anything I hate, it is waiting," said Will, when he received the letter; nevertheless the letter made him happy, and he went about his farm with a sanguine heart, as he arranged matters for another absence. "Away long?" he said, in answer to a question asked him by his head man; "how on earth can I say how long I shall be away? You can go on well enough without me by this time. I should think. You will have to learn, for there is no knowing how often I may be away, or for how long."

When Mary said that the letter had been written, Clara again spoke about going. "And where will you go?" said Mary.

"I will take a lodging in Taunton."

"He would only follow you there, and there would be more trouble. That would be all. He must act as your guardian, and in that capacity, at any rate, you must submit to him." Clara, therefore, consented to remain at Belton; but, before Will arrived, she returned from the house to the cottage.

"Of course I understand all about it," said Mrs Askerton; "and let me tell you this,—that if it is not all settled within a week from his coming here, I shall think that you are without a heart. He is to be knocked about, and cuffed, and kept from his work, and made to run up and down between here and Norfolk, because you cannot bring yourself to confess that you have been a fool."

"I have never said that I have not been a fool," said Clara.

"You have made a mistake,—as young women will do sometimes, even when they are as prudent and circumspect as you are,—and now you don't quite like the task of putting it right."

It was all true, and Clara knew that it was true. The putting right of mistakes is never pleasant; and in this case it was so unpleasant that she could not bring herself to acknowledge that it must be done. And yet, I think, that, by this time, she was aware of the necessity.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

##### TAKING POSSESSION.

"I WANT her to have it all," said William Belton to Mr. Green, the lawyer, when they came to discuss the necessary arrangements for the property.

"But that would be absurd."

"Never mind. It is what I wish. I suppose a man may do what he likes with his own."

"She won't take it," said the lawyer.

"She must take it if you manage the matter properly," said Will.

"I don't suppose it will make much difference," said the lawyer, "now that Captain Aylmer is out of the running."

"I know nothing about that. Of course I am very glad that he should be out of the running, as you call it. He is a bad sort of fellow, and I didn't want him to have the property. But all that has nothing to do with it. I'm not doing it because I think she is ever to be my wife."

From this the reader will understand that Belton was still fidgeting himself and the lawyer about the estate when he passed

through London. The matter in dispute, however, was so important that he was induced to seek the advice of others besides Mr. Green, and at last was brought to the conclusion that it was his paramount duty to become Belton of Belton. There seemed in the minds of all these councillors to be some imperative and almost imperious requirement that the acres should go back to a man of his name. Now, as there was no one else of the family who could stand in his way, he had no alternative but to become Belton of Belton. He would, however, sell his estate in Norfolk, and raise money for endowing Clara with commensurate riches. Such was his own plan; — but having fallen among councillors, he would not exactly follow his own plan, and at last submitted to an arrangement in accordance with which an annuity of eight hundred pounds a year was to be settled upon Clara, and this was to lie as a charge upon the estate in Norfolk.

"It seems to me to be very shabby," said William Belton.

"It seems to me to be very extravagant," said the leader among the councillors. She is not entitled to sixpence."

But at last the arrangement as above described was the one to which they all assented.

When Belton reached the house which was now his own he found no one there but his sister. Clara was at the cottage. As he had been told that she was to return there, he had no reason to be annoyed. But nevertheless he was annoyed, or rather discontented, and had not been a quarter of an hour about the place before he declared his intention to go and seek her.

"Do no such thing, Will; pray do not," said his sister.

"And why not?"

"Because it will be better that you should wait. You will only injure yourself and her by being impetuous."

"But it is absolutely necessary that she should know her own position. It would be cruelty to keep her in ignorance: — though for the matter of that I shall be ashamed to tell her. Yes; — I shall be ashamed to look her in the face. What will she think of it after I had assured her that she should have the whole?"

"But she would not have taken it, Will. And had she done so, she would have been very wrong. Now she will be comfortable."

"I wish I could be comfortable," said he.

"If you will only wait" —

"I hate waiting. I do not see what good it will do. Besides, I don't mean to say

anything about that, — not to-day, at least. I don't indeed. As for being here and not seeing her, that is out of the question. Of course she would think that I had quarrelled with her, and that I meant to take everything to myself, now that I have the power."

"She won't suspect you of wishing to quarrel with her, Will."

"I should in her place. It is out of the question that I should be here, and not go to her. It would be monstrous. I will wait till they have done lunch, and then I will go up."

It was at last decided that he should walk up to the cottage, call upon Colonel Askerton, and ask to see Clara in the Colonel's presence. It was thought that he could make his statement about the money better before a third person who could be regarded as Clara's friend, than could possibly be done between themselves. He did, therefore, walk across to the cottage, and was shown into Colonel Askerton's study.

"There he is," Mrs. Askerton said, as soon as she heard the sound of the bell. "I knew that he would come at once."

During the whole morning Mrs. Askerton had been insisting that Belton would make his appearance on that very day, — the day of his arrival at Belton, and Clara had been asserting that he would not do so.

"Why should he come?" Clara had said.

"Simply to take you to his own house, like any other of his goods and chattels."

"I am not his goods or his chattels."

"But you soon will be; and why shouldn't you accept your lot quietly? He is Belton of Belton, and everything here belongs to him."

"I do not belong to him."

"What nonsense! When a man has the command of the situation, as he has, he can do just what he pleases. If he were to come and carry you off by violence, I have no doubt the Beltonians would assist him, and say that he was right. And you of course would forgive him. Belton of Belton may do anything."

"That is nonsense, if you please."

"Indeed if you had any of that decent feeling of feminine inferiority which ought to belong to all women, he would have found you sitting on the door-step of his house waiting for him."

That had been said early in the morning, when they first knew that he had arrived; but they had been talking about him ever since, — talking about him under pressure from Mrs. Askerton, till Clara had been driven to long that she might be spared. "If

he chooses to come, he will come," she said. "Of course he will come," Mrs. Askerton had answered, and then they heard the ring of the bell. "There he is. I could swear to the sound of his foot. Doesn't he step as though he were Belton of Belton, and conscious that everything belonged to him?" Then there was a pause. "He has been shown in to Colonel Askerton. What on earth could he want with him?"

"He has called to tell him something about the cottage," said Clara, endeavouring to speak as though she were calm through it all.

"Cottage! Fiddlestick! The idea of a man coming to look after his trumpery cottage on the first day of his showing himself as lord of his own property! Perhaps he is demanding that you shall be delivered up to him. If he does, I shall vote for obeying."

"And I for disobeying,—and shall vote very strongly, too."

Their suspense was yet prolonged for another ten minutes, and at the end of that time the servant came in and asked if Miss Amedroz would be good enough to go into the master's room. "Mr. Belton is there, Fanny?" asked Mrs. Askerton. The girl confessed that Mr. Belton was there, and then Clara, without another word, got up and left the room. She had much to do in assuming a look of composure before she opened the door; but she made the effort, and was not unsuccessful. In another second she found her hand in her cousin's, and his bright eye was fixed upon her with that eager, friendly glance which made his face so pleasant to those whom he loved.

"Your cousin has been telling me of the arrangements he has been making for you with the lawyers," said Colonel Askerton. "I can only say that I wish all ladies had cousins so liberal, and so able to be liberal."

"I thought I would see Colonel Askerton first, as you are staying at his house. And as for liberality,—there is nothing of the kind. You must understand, Clara, that a fellow can't do what he likes with his own in this country. I have found myself so bullied by lawyers and that sort of people, that I have been obliged to yield to them. I wanted that you should have the old place, to do just what you pleased with it."

"That was out of the question, Will."

"Of course it was," said Colonel Askerton. Then, as Belton himself did not proceed to the telling of his own story, the Colonel told it for him, and explained what was the income which Clara was to receive.

"But that is as much out of the question,"

said she, "as the other. I cannot rob you in that way. I cannot and I shall not. And why should I? What do I want with such an income? Something I ought to have, if only for the credit of the family, and that I am willing to take from your kindness; but"—

"It's all settled now, Clara."

"I don't think that you can lessen the weight of your obligation, Miss Amedroz, after what has been done up in London," said the Colonel.

"If you had said a hundred a year"—

"I have been allowed to say nothing," said Belton; "those people have said eight,—and so it is settled. When are you coming over to see Mary?"

To this question he got no definite answer, and as he went away immediately afterwards he hardly seemed to expect one. He did not even ask for Mrs. Askerton, and, as that lady remarked, behaved altogether like a bear. "But what a munificent bear!" she said. "Fancy;—eight hundred a year of your own. One begins to doubt whether it is worth one's while to marry at all with such an income as that to do what one likes with! However, it all means nothing. It will all be his own again before you have even touched it."

"You must not say anything more about that," said Clara gravely.

"And why must I not?"

"Because I shall hear nothing more of it. There is an end of all that,—as there ought to be."

"Why an end? I don't see an end. There will be no end till Belton of Belton has got you and your eight hundred a year as well as everything else."

"You will find that—he—does not mean—anything—more," said Clara.

"You think not?"

"I am—sure of it." Then there was a little sound in her throat as though she were in some danger of being choked; but she soon recovered herself, and was able to express herself clearly. "I have only one favour to ask you now, Mrs. Askerton, and that is that you will never say anything more about him. He has changed his mind. Of course he has, or he would not come here like that and have gone away without saying a word."

"Not a word! A man gives you eight hundred a year, and that is not saying a word!"

"Not a word except about money? But of course he is right. I know that he is right. After what has passed he would be very wrong to—to—think about it any



more. You joke about his being Belton of Belton. But it does make a difference."

"It does;—does it?"

"It has made a difference. I see and feel it now. I shall never—hear him—ask me—that question—any more."

"And if you did hear him, what answer would you make him?"

"I don't know."

"That is just it. Women are so cross-grained that it is a wonder to me that men should ever have anything to do with them. They have about them some madness of a phantasy which they dignify with the name of feminine pride, and under the cloak of this they believe themselves to be justified in tormenting their lovers' lives out. The only consolation is that they torment themselves as much. Can anything be more cross-grained than you are at this moment? You were resolved just now that it would be the most unbecoming thing in the world if he spoke a word more about his love for the next twelvemonths"—

"Mrs. Askerton, I said nothing about twelvemonths."

"And now you are broken-hearted because he did not blurt it all out before Colonel Askerton in a business interview, which was very properly had at once, and in which he has had the exceeding good taste to confine himself altogether to the one subject."

"I am not complaining."

"It was good taste; though if he had not been a bear he might have asked after me, who are fighting his battles for him night and day."

"But what will he do next?"

"Eat his dinner, I should think, as it is now nearly five o'clock. Your father used always to dine at five."

"I can't go to see Mary," she said, "till he comes here again."

"He will be here fast enough. I shouldn't wonder if he was to come again to-night." And he did come again that night.

When Belton's interview was over in the Colonel's study he left the house,—without even asking after the mistress, as that mistress had taken care to find out,—and went off, rambling about the estate which was now his own. It was a beautiful place, and he was not insensible to the gratification of being its owner. There is much in the glory of ownership,—of the ownership of land and houses, of beeves and woolly flocks, of wide fields and thick-growing woods, even when that ownership is of late date, when it conveys to the owner nothing but the realization of a property on the

soil; but there is much more in it when it contains the memories of old years; when the glory is the glory of race as well as the glory of power and property. There had been Beltons of Belton living there for many centuries, and now he was the Belton of the day, standing on his own ground,—the descendant and representative of the Beltons of old,—Belton of Belton without a flaw in his pedigree! He felt himself to be proud of his position,—prouder than he could have been of any other that might have been vouchsafed to him. And yet amidst it all he was somewhat ashamed of his pride. "The man who can do it for himself is the real man after all," he said.

"But I have got it by a fluke,—and by such a sad chance too!" Then he wandered on, thinking of the circumstances under which the property had fallen into his hands, and remembering how and when and where the first idea had occurred to him of making Clara Amedroz his wife. He had then felt that if he could only do that he could reconcile himself to the heirship. And the idea had grown upon him instantly, and had become a passion by the eagerness with which he had welcomed it. From that day to this he had continued to tell himself that he could not enjoy his good fortune unless he could enjoy it with her. There had come to be a horrid impediment in his way,—a barrier which had seemed to have been placed there by his evil fortune, to compensate the gifts given to him by his good fortune, and that barrier had been Captain Aylmer. He had not, in fact, seen much of his rival, but he had seen enough to make it matter of wonder to him that Clara could be attached to such a man. He had thoroughly despised Captain Aylmer, and had longed to show his contempt of the man by kicking him out of the hotel at the London railway station. At that moment all the world had seemed to him to be wrong and wretched.

But now it seemed that all the world might so easily be made right again! The impediment had got itself removed. Belton did not even yet altogether comprehend by what means Clara had escaped from the meshes of the Aylmer Park people, but he did know that she had escaped. Her eyes had been opened before it was too late, and she was a free woman,—to be compassed if only a man might compass her. While she had been engaged to Captain Aylmer, Will had felt that she was not assailable. Though he had not been quite able to restrain himself,—as on that fatal occasion when he had taken her in his arms and

kissed her, — still he had known that as she was an engaged woman, he could not, without insulting her, press his own suit upon her. But now all that was over. Let him say what he liked on that head, she would have no proper plea for anger. She was assailable; — and, as this was so, why the mischief should he not set about the work at once? His sister bade him to wait. Why should he wait when one fortunate word might do it? Wait! He could not wait. How are you to bid a starving man to wait when you put him down at a well-covered board? Here was he, walking about Belton Park, — just where she used to walk with him; — and there was she at Belton Cottage, within half an hour of him at this moment, if he were to go quickly; and yet Mary was telling him to wait! No; he would not wait. There could be no reason for waiting. Wait, indeed, till some other Captain Aylmer should come in the way and give him more trouble!

So he wandered on, resolving that he would see his cousin again that very day. Such an interview as that which had just taken place between two such dear friends was not natural, — was not to be endured. What might not Clara think of it! To meet her for the first time after her escape from Aylmer Park, and to speak to her only on matters concerning money! He would certainly go to her again on that afternoon. In his walking, he came to the bottom of the rising ground on the top of which stood the rock on which he and Clara had twice sat. But he turned away, and would not go up to it. He hoped that he might go up to it very soon, — but, except under certain circumstances, he would never go up to it again.

"I am going across to the cottage immediately after dinner," he said to his sister.

"Have you an appointment?"

"No; I have no appointment. I suppose a man doesn't want an appointment to go and see his own cousin down in the country."

"I don't know what their habits are."

"I shan't ask to go in; but I want to see her."

Mary looked at him with loving, sorrowing eyes, but she said no more. She loved him so well that she would have given her right hand to get for him what he wanted; — but she sorrowed to think that he should want such a thing so sorely. Immediately after his dinner, he took his hat and went out without saying a word further, and made his way once more across to the gate of the cottage. It was a lovely summer evening,

at that period of the year in which our summer evenings just begin, when the air is sweeter and the flowers more fragrant, and the forms of the foliage more lovely than at any other time. It was now eight o'clock, but it was hardly as yet evening; none at least of the gloom of evening had come, though the sun was low in the heavens. At the cottage they were all sitting out on the lawn; and as Belton came near he was seen by them, and he saw them.

"I told you so," said Mrs. Askerton to Clara, in a whisper.

"He is not coming in," Clara answered.

"He is going on."

But when he had come nearer, Colonel Askerton called to him over the garden paling, and asked him to join them. He was now standing within ten or fifteen yards of them, though the fence divided them. "I have come to ask my cousin Clara to take a walk with me," he said. "She can be back by your tea time." He made his request very placidly, and did not in any way look like a lover.

"I am sure she will be glad to go," said Mrs. Askerton. But Clara said nothing.

"Do take a turn with me, if you are not tired," said he.

"She has not been out all day, and cannot be tired," said Mrs. Askerton, who had now walked up to the paling. "Clara, get your hat. But, Mr. Belton, what have I done that I am to be treated in this way? Perhaps you don't remember that you have not spoken to me since your arrival."

"Upon my word, I beg your pardon," said he, endeavouring to stretch his hand across the bushes. "I forgot I didn't see you this morning."

"I suppose I musn't be angry, as this is your day of taking possession; but it is exactly on such days as this that one likes to be remembered."

"I didn't mean to forget you, Mrs. Askerton; I didn't, indeed. And as for the special day, that's all bosh, you know. I haven't taken particular possession of anything that I know of."

"I hope you will, Mr. Belton, before the day is over," said she. Clara had at length arisen, and had gone into the house to fetch her hat. She had not spoken a word, and even yet her cousin did not know whether she was coming. "I hope you will take possession of a great deal that is very valuable. Clara has gone to get her hat."

"Do you think she means to walk?"

"I think she does, Mr. Belton. And there she is at the door. Mind you bring her back to tea."

Clara, as she came forth, felt herself quite unable to speak, or walk, or look, after her usual manner. She knew herself to be a victim, — to be so far a victim that she could no longer control her own fate. To Captain Aylmer, at any rate, she had never succumbed. In all her dealings with him she had fought upon an equal footing. She had never been compelled to own herself mastered. But now she was being led out that she might confess her own submission, and acknowledge that hitherto she had not known what was good for her. She knew that she would have to yield. She must have known how happy she was to have an opportunity of yielding; but yet, — yet, had there been any room for choice, she thought she would have refrained from walking with her cousin that evening. She had wept that afternoon because she had thought that he would not come again; and now that he had come at the first moment that was possible for him, she was almost tempted to wish him once more away.

"I suppose you understand that when I came up this morning I came merely to talk about business," said Belton, as soon as they were off together.

"It was very good of you to come at all so soon after your arrival."

"I told those people in London that I would have it all settled at once, and so I wanted to have it off my mind."

"I don't know what I ought to say to you. Of course I shall not want so much money as that."

"We won't talk about the money any more to-day. I hate talking about money."

"It is not the pleasantest subject in the world."

"No," said he; "no indeed. I hate it, — particularly between friends. So you have come to grief with your friends, the Aylmers?"

"I hope I haven't come to grief, — and the Aylmers, as a family, never were my friends. I'm obliged to contradict you, point by point, — you see."

"I don't like Captain Aylmer at all," said Will, after a pause.

"So I saw, Will; and I dare say he was not very fond of you."

"Fond of me! I didn't want him to be fond of me. I don't suppose he ever thought much about me. I could not help thinking of him." — She had nothing to say to this, and therefore walked on silently by his side. "I suppose he has not any idea of coming back here again?"

"What; to Belton? No, I do not think he will come to Belton any more."

"Nor will you go to Aylmer Park?"

"No; certainly not. Of all the places on earth, Will, to which you would send me, Aylmer Park is the one to which I should go most unwillingly."

"I don't want to send you there."

"You never could be made to understand what a woman she is; how disagreeable, how cruel, how imperious, how insolent."

"Was she so bad as all that?"

"Indeed she was, Will. I can't but tell the truth to you."

"And he was nearly as bad as she."

"No, Will; no; do not say that of him."

"He was such a quarrelsome fellow. He flew at me just because I said we had good hunting down in Norfolk."

"We need not talk about all that, Will."

"No; — of course not. It's all passed and gone, I suppose."

"Yes; — it's all passed and gone. You did not know my aunt Winterfield, or you would understand my first reason for liking him."

"No," said Will; "I never saw her."

Then they walked on together for a while without speaking, and Clara was beginning to feel some relief, — some relief at first; but as the relief came, there came back to her the dead, dull, feeling of heaviness at her heart which had oppressed her after his visit in the morning. She had been right, and Mrs. Askerton had been wrong. He had returned to her simply as her cousin, and now he was walking with her and talking to and in this strain, to teach her that it was so. But of a sudden they came to a place where two paths diverged, and he turned upon her and asked her quickly which path they should take. "Look, Clara," he said, "will you go up there with me?" It did not need that she should look, as she knew that the way indicated by him led up among the rocks.

"I don't much care which way," she said, faintly.

"Do you not? But I do. I care very much. Don't you remember where that path goes?" She had no answer to give to this. She remembered well, and remembered how he had protested that he would never go to the place again unless he could go there as her accepted lover. And she had asked herself sundry questions as to that protestation. Could it be that for her sake he would abstain from visiting the prettiest spot on his estate, — that he would continue to regard the ground as hallowed because of his memories of her? "Which way shall we go?" he asked.

"I suppose it does not much signify," said she, trembling.

"But it does signify. It signifies very much to me. Will you go up to the rocks?"

"I am afraid we shall be late, if we stay out long."

"What matters how late? Will you come?"

"I suppose so, — if you wish it, Will."

She had anticipated that the high rock was to be the altar at which the victim was to be sacrificed; but now he would not wait till he had taken her to the sacred spot. He had of course intended that he would there renew his offer; but he had perceived that his offer had been renewed, and had, in fact, been accepted, during this little parley as to the pathway. There was hardly any necessity for further words. So he must have thought; for, as quick as lightning, he flung his arms around her, and kissed her again, as he had kissed her on that other terrible occasion, — that occasion on which he had felt that he might hardly hope for pardon.

"William, William," she said; "how can you serve me like that?" But he had a full understanding as to his own privileges, and was well aware that he was in his right now, as he had been before that he was trespassing egregiously.

"Why are you so rough with me?" she said.

"Clara, say that you love me."

"I will say nothing to you because you are so rough."

They were now walking up slowly towards the rocks. And as he had his arm round her waist, he was contented for awhile to allow her to walk without speaking. But when they were on the summit it was necessary for him that he should have a word from her of positive assurance.

"Clara, say that you love me."

"Have I not always loved you, Will, since almost the first moment that I saw you?"

"But that won't do. You know that is not fair. Come, Clara; I've had a deal of trouble, — and grief too; haven't I? You should say a word to make up for it; — that is, if you can say it."

"What can a word like that signify to you to-day? You have got everything."

"Have I got you?" Still she paused.

"I will have an answer. Have I got you? Are you now my own?"

"I suppose so, Will. Don't now. I will not have it again. Does not that satisfy you?"

"Tell me that you love me."

"You know that I love you."

"Better than anybody in the world?"

"Yes; — better than anybody in the world."

"And after all you will be — my wife?"

"Oh, Will, — how you question one!"

"You shall say it, and then it will all be fair and honest."

"Say what? I'm sure I thought I had said everything."

"Say that you mean to be my wife."

"I suppose so, — if you wish it."

"Wish it!" said he, getting up from his seat, and throwing his hat into the bushes on one side; "wish it! I don't think you have ever understood how I have wished it. Look here, Clara; I found when I got down to Norfolk that I couldn't live without you. Upon my word it is true. I don't suppose you'll believe me."

"I didn't think it could be so bad with you as that."

"No; — I don't suppose women ever do believe. And I wouldn't have believed it of myself. I hated myself for it. By George, I did. That is when I began to think it was all up with me."

"All up with you! Oh, Will!"

"I had quite made up my mind to go to New Zealand. I had, indeed. I couldn't have kept my hands off that man if we had been living in the same country. I should have wrung his neck."

"Will, how can you talk so wickedly?"

"There's no understanding it till you have felt it. But never mind. It's all right now; isn't it, Clara?"

"If you think so."

"Think so! Oh, Clara. I am such a happy fellow. Do give me a kiss. You have never given me one kiss yet."

"What nonsense! I didn't think you were such a baby."

"By George, but you shall; — or you shall never get home to tea to-night. My own, own, own darling! Upon my word, Clara, when I begin to think about it I shall be half mad."

"I think you are quite that already."

"No, I'm not; — but I shall be when I'm alone. What can I say to you, Clara, to make you understand how much I love you? You remember the song, 'For Bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and dee.' Of course it is all nonsense talking of dying for a woman. What a man has to do is to live for her. But that is my feeling. I'm ready to give you my life. If there was anything to do for you, I'd do it if I could, whatever it was. Do you understand me?"



"Dear Will! Dearest Will!"

"Am I dearest?"

"Are you not sure of it?"

"But I like you to tell me so. I like to feel that you are not ashamed to own it. You ought to say it a few times to me, as I have said it so very often to you."

"You'll hear enough of it before you've done with me."

"I shall never have heard enough of it. Oh, heavens, only think, when I was coming down in the train last night I was in such a bad way."

"And are you in a good way now?"

"Yes; in a very good way. I shall crow over Mary so when I get home."

"And what has poor Mary done?"

"Never mind."

"I dare say she knows what is good for you better than you know yourself. I suppose she has told you that you might do a great deal better than trouble yourself with a wife."

"Never mind what she has told me. It is settled now; — is it not?"

"I hope so, Will."

"But not quite settled as yet. When shall it be? That is the next question."

But to that question Clara positively refused to make any reply that her lover would consider to be satisfactory. He continued to press her till she was at last driven to remind him how very short a time it was since her father had been among them; and then he was very angry with himself, and declared himself to be a brute. "Anything but that," she said. "You are the kindest and the best of men; — but at the same time the most impatient."

"That's what Mary says; but what's the good of waiting? She wanted me to wait to-day."

"And as you would not, you have fallen into a trap out of which you can never escape. But pray let us go. What will they think of us?"

"I shouldn't wonder if they didn't think something near the truth."

"Whatever they think, we will go back. It is ever so much past nine."

"Before you stir, Clara, tell me one thing. Are you really happy?"

"Very happy?"

"And are you glad that this has been done?"

"Very glad. Will that satisfy you?"

"And you do love me?"

"I do — I do — I do. Can I say more than that?"

"More than anybody else in the world?"

"Better than all the world put together."

"Then," said he, holding her tight in his arms, "show me that you love me." And as he made his request he was quick to explain to her what, according to his ideas, was the becoming mode by which lovers might show their love. I wonder whether it ever occurred to Clara, as she thought of it all before she went to bed that night, that Captain Aylmer and William Belton were very different in their manners. And if so, I must wonder further whether she most approved the manners of the patient man or the man who was impatient.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

##### CONCLUSION.

ABOUT two months after the scene described in the last chapter, when the full summer had arrived, Clara received two letters from the two lovers, the history of whose loves have just been told, and these shall be submitted to the reader, as they will serve to explain the manner in which the two men proposed to arrange their affairs. We will first have Captain Aylmer's letter, which was the first read; Clara kept the latter for the last, as children always keep their sweetest morsels.

"Aylmer Park, August, 186—.

"MY DEAR MISS AMEDROZ,

"I heard before leaving London that you are engaged to marry your cousin Mr. William Belton, and I think that perhaps you may be satisfied to have a line from me to let you know that I quite approve of the marriage." "I do not care very much for his approval or disapproval," said Clara as she read this. "No doubt it will be the best thing you can do, especially as it will heal all the sores arising from the entail." "There never was any sore," said Clara. "Pray give my compliments to Mr. Belton, and offer him my congratulations, and tell him that I wish him all happiness in the married state." "Married fiddlestick!" said Clara. In this she was unreasonable; but the euphonious platitudes of Captain Aylmer were so unlike the vehement protestations of Mr. Belton that she must be excused if by this time she had come to entertain something of an unreasonable aversion for the former.

"I hope you will not receive my news

with perfect indifference when I tell you that I also am going to be married. The lady is one whom I have known for a long time, and have always esteemed very highly. She is Lady Emily Tagmaggert, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Mull." Why Clara should immediately have conceived a feeling of supreme contempt for Lady Emily Tagmaggert, and assured herself that her ladyship was a thin, dry, cross old maid with a red nose, I cannot explain; but I do know that such were her thoughts, almost instantaneously, in reference to Captain Aylmer's future bride. "Lady Emily is a very intimate friend of my sister's; and you, who know how our family cling together, will feel how thankful I must be when I tell you that my mother quite approves of the engagement. I suppose we shall be married early in the spring. We shall probably spend some months every year at Perivale, and I hope that we may look forward to the pleasure of seeing you some time as a guest beneath our roof." On reading this Clara shuddered, and made some inward protestation which seemed to imply that she had no wish whatever to revisit the dull streets of the little town with which she had been so well acquainted. "I hope she'll be good to poor Mr. Possitt," said Clara, "and give him port wine on Sundays."

"I have one more thing that I ought to say. You will remember that I intended to pay my aunt's legacy immediately after her death, but that I was prevented by circumstances which I could not control. I have paid it now into Mr. Green's hands on your account, together with the sum of £59 18s. 3d., which is due upon it as interest at the rate of five per cent. I hope that this may be satisfactory." "It is not satisfactory at all," said Clara, putting down the letter, and resolving that Will Belton should be instructed to repay the money instantly. It may, however, be explained here that in this matter Clara was doomed to be disappointed; and that she was forced, by Mr. Green's arguments, to receive the money. "Then it shall go to the hospital at Perivale," she declared when those arguments were used. As to that, Mr. Green was quite indifferent, but I do not think that the legacy which troubled poor Aunt Winterfield so much on her dying bed was ultimately applied to so worthy a purpose.

"And now, my dear Miss Amedroz," continued the letter, "I will say farewell, with many assurances of my unaltered esteem,

and with heartfelt wishes for your future happiness. Believe me to be always

"Most faithfully and sincerely yours,  
"FREDERIC F. AYLNER."

"Esteem!" said Clara, as she finished the letter. "I wonder which he esteems the most, me or Lady Emily Tagmaggert. He will never get beyond esteem with any one."

The letter which was last read was as follows:—

"Plaistow, August, 186—.

"DEAREST CLARA,

"I don't think I shall ever get done, and I am coming to hate farming. It is awful lonely here, too; and I pass all my evenings by myself, wondering why I should be doomed to this kind of thing, while you and Mary are comfortable together at Belton. We have begun with the wheat, and as soon as that is safe I shall cut and run. I shall leave the barley to Bunce. Bunce knows as much about it as I do, — and as for remaining here all the summer, it's out of the question.

"My own dear, darling love, of course I don't intend to urge you to do anything that you don't like; but upon my honour I don't see the force of what you say. You know I have as much respect for your father's memory as anybody, but what harm can it do to him that we should be married at once? Don't you think he would have wished it himself? It can be ever so quiet. So long as it's done, I don't care a straw how it's done. Indeed for the matter of that I always think it would be best just to walk to church and to walk home again without saying anything to anybody. I hate fuss and nonsense, and really I don't think anybody would have a right to say anything if we were to do it at once in that sort of way. I have had a bad time of it for the last twelve months. You must allow that, and I think that I ought to be rewarded.

"As for living, you shall have your choice. Indeed you shall live anywhere you please; — at Timbuctoo if you like it. I don't want to give up Plaistow, because my father and grandfather farmed the land themselves; but I am quite prepared not to live here. I don't think it would suit you, because it has so much of the farm-house about it. Only I should like you sometimes to come and look at the old place. What I should like would be to pull down the house

at Belton and build another. But you musn't propose to put it off till that's done, as I should never have the heart to do it. If you think that would suit you, I'll make up my mind to live at Belton for a constancy; and then I'd go in for a lot of cattle, and don't doubt I'd make a fortune. I'm almost sick of looking at the straight ridges in the big square fields every day of my life.

"Give my love to Mary. I hope she fights my battle for me. Pray think of all this, and relent if you can. I do so long to have an end of this purgatory. If there was any use, I wouldn't say a word; but there's no good in being tortured, when there is no use. God bless you, dearest love. I do love you so well!

"Yours most affectionately,

"W. BELTON."

She kissed the letter twice, pressed it to her bosom, and then sat silent for half an hour thinking of it;—of it, and the man who wrote it, and of the man who had written the other letter. She could not but remember how that other man had thought to treat her, when it was his intention and her intention that they two should join their lots together;—how cold he had been; how full of caution and counsel; how he had preached to her himself, and threatened her with the preaching of his mother; how manifestly he had purposed to make her life a sacrifice to his life; how he had premeditated her incarceration at Perivale, while he should be living a bachelor's life in London! Will Belton's ideas of married life were very different. Only come to me at once,—now, immediately, and everything else shall be disposed just as you please. This was his offer. What he proposed to give,—or rather his willingness to be thus generous, was very sweet to her; but it was not half so sweet as his impatience in demanding his reward. How she doted on him because he considered his present state to be a purgatory! How could she refuse anything she could give to one who desired her gifts so strongly?

As for her future residence, it would be a matter of indifference to her where she should live, so long as she might live with him; but for him,—she felt that but one spot in the world was fit for him. He was Belton of Belton, and it would not be becoming that he should live elsewhere. Of course she would go with him to Plais-tow Hall as often as he might wish it; but Belton Castle should be his permanent rest-

ing-place. It would be her duty to be proud for him, and therefore, for his sake, she would beg that their home might be in Somersetshire.

"Mary," she said to her cousin soon afterwards, "Will sends his love to you."

"And what else does he say?"

"I couldn't tell you everything. You shouldn't expect it."

"I don't expect it; but perhaps there may be something to be told."

"Nothing that I need tell,—specially. You, who know him so well, can imagine what he would say."

"Dear Will! I am sure he would mean to write what was pleasant."

Then the matter would have dropped had Clara been so minded,—but she, in truth, was anxious to be forced to talk about the letter. She wished to be urged by Mary to do that which Will urged her to do;—or, at least, to learn whether Mary thought that her brother's wish might be gratified without impropriety. "Don't you think we ought to live here?" she said.

"By all means,—if you both like it."

"He is so good,—so unselfish, that he will only ask me to do what I like best."

"And which would you like best?"

"I think he ought to live here because it is the old family property. I confess that the name goes for something with me. He says that he would build a new house."

"Does he think he could have it ready by the time you are married?"

"Ah;—that is just the difficulty. Perhaps, after all, you had better read his letter. I don't know why I should not show it to you. It will only tell you what you know already,—that he is the most generous fellow in all the world." Then Mary read the letter. "What am I to say to him?" Clara asked. "It seems so hard to refuse anything to one who is so true, and good, and generous."

"It is hard."

"But you see my poor dear father's death has been so recent."

"I hardly know," said Mary "how the world feels about such things."

"I think we ought to wait at least twelve months," said Clara, very sadly.

"Poor Will! He will be broken-hearted a dozen times before that. But then, when his happiness does come, he will be all the happier." Clara, when she heard this, almost hated her cousin Mary,—not for her own sake, but on Will's account. Will trusted so implicitly to his sister, and yet she could not make a better fight for him than this! It almost seemed that Mary was

indifferent to her brother's happiness. Had Will been her brother, Clara thought, and had any girl asked her advice under similar circumstances, she was sure that she would have answered in a different way. She would have told such girl that her first duty was owing to the man who was to be her husband, and would not have said a word to her about the feeling of the world. After all, what did the feeling of the world signify to them, who were going to be all the world to each other?

On that afternoon she went up to Mrs. Askerton's, and succeeded in getting advice from her also, though she did not show Will's letter to that lady. "Of course, I know what he says," said Mrs. Askerton. "Unless I have mistaken the man, he wants to be married to-morrow."

"He is not so bad as that," said Clara.

"Then the next day, or the day after. Of course he is impatient, and does not see any earthly reason why his impatience should not be gratified."

"He is impatient."

"And I suppose you hesitate because of your father's death."

"It seems but the other day;—does it not?" said Clara.

"Everything seems but the other day to me. It was but the other day that I myself was married."

"And, of course, though I would do anything I could that he would ask me to do"—

"But would you do anything?"

"Anything that was not wrong I would. Why should I not, when he is so good to me?"

"Then write to him, my dear, and tell him that it shall be as he wishes it. Believe me, the days of Jacob are over. Men don't understand waiting now, and it's always as well to catch your fish when you can."

"You don't suppose I have any thought of that kind?"

"I am sure you have not;—and I'm sure that he deserves no such thought;—but the higher that are his deserts, the greater should be his reward. If I were you, I should think of nothing but him, and I should do exactly as he would have me." Clara kissed her friend as she parted from her, and again resolved that all that woman's sins should be forgiven her. A woman who could give such excellent advice deserved that every sin should be forgiven her. "They'll be married yet before the summer is over," Mrs. Askerton said to her husband that afternoon. "I believe a man

may have anything he chooses to ask for, if he'll only ask hard enough."

And they were married in the autumn, if not actually in the summer. With what precise words Clara answered her lover's letter I will not say; but her answer was of such a nature that he found himself compelled to leave Plaistow, even before the wheat was garnered. Great confidence was placed in Bunce on that occasion, and I have reason to believe that it was not misplaced. They were married in September;—yes, in September, although that letter of Will's was written in August, and by the beginning of October they had returned from their wedding trip to Plaistow. Clara insisted that she should be taken to Plaistow, and was very anxious when there to learn all the particulars of the farm. She put down in a little book how many acres there were in each field, and what was the average produce of the land. She made inquiry about four-crop rotation, and endeavoured, with Bunce, to go into the great subject of stall-feeding. But Belton did not give her as much encouragement as he might have done. "We'll come here for the shooting next year," he said; "that is, if there is nothing to prevent us."

"I hope there'll be nothing to prevent us."

"There might be, perhaps; but we'll always come if there is not. For the rest of it, I'll leave it to Bunce, and just run over once or twice in the year. It would not be a nice place for you to live at long."

"I like it of all things. I am quite interested about the farm."

"You'd get very sick of it if you were here in the winter. The truth is that if you farm well, you must farm ugly. The picturesque nooks and corners have all to be turned inside out, and the hedgerows must be abolished, because we want the sunshine. Now, down at Belton, just about the house, we won't mind farming well, but will stick to the picturesque."

The new house was immediately commenced at Belton, and was made to proceed with all imaginable alacrity. It was supposed at one time,—at least Belton himself said that he so supposed,—that the building would be ready for occupation at the end of the first summer; but this was not found to be possible. "We must put it off till May, after all," said Belton, as he was walking round the unfinished building with Colonel Askerton. "It's an awful bore, but there's no getting people really to pull out in this country."

"I think they've pulled out pretty well.



Of course you couldn't have gone into a damp house for the winter."

"Other people can get a house built within twelve months. Look what they do in London."

"And other people with their wives and children die in consequence of colds and sore throats and other evils of that nature. I wouldn't go into a new house, I know, till I was quite sure it was dry."

As Will at this time was hardly ten months married, he was not as yet justified in thinking about his own wife and children; but he had already found it expedient to make arrangements for the autumn, which would prevent that annual visit to Plaistow which Clara had contemplated, and which he had regarded with his characteristic prudence as being subject to possible impediments. He was to be absent himself for the first week in September, but was to return immediately after that. This he did; and before the end of that month he was justified in talking of his wife and family. "I suppose it wouldn't have done to have been moving now,—under all the circumstances," he said to his friend, Mrs. Askerton, as he still grumbled about the unfinished house.

"I don't think it would have done at all, under all the circumstances," said Mrs. Askerton.

But in the following spring or early summer they did get into the new house; and a very nice house it was, as will, I think, be believed by those who have known Mr. William Belton. And when they were well settled, at which time little Will Belton was some seven or eight months old,—little Will, for whom great bonfires had been lit, as though his birth in those parts was a matter not to be regarded lightly; for was he not the first Belton of Belton who had been born there for more than a century?—when that time came, visitors appeared at the new Belton Castle, visitors of importance, who were entitled to, and who received, great consideration. These were no less than Captain Aylmer, member for Perivale, and his newly-married bride, Lady Emily Aylmer, *née* Tagmaggert. They were then just married, and had come down to Belton Castle immediately after their honeymoon trip. How it had come to pass that such friendship had sprung up,—

or rather how it had been revived,—it would be bootless here to say. But old alliances, such as that which had existed between the Aylmer and the Amedroz family, do not allow themselves to die out easily, and it is well for us all that they should be long-lived. So Captain Aylmer brought his bride to Belton Park, and a small fatted calf was killed, and the Askertons came to dinner,—on which occasion Captain Aylmer behaved very well, though we may imagine that he must have had some misgivings on the score of his young wife. The Askertons came to dinner, and the old rector, and the squire from a neighbouring parish; and everything was very handsome and very dull. Captain Aylmer was much pleased with his visit, and declared to Lady Emily that marriage had greatly improved Mr. William Belton. Now Will had been very dull the whole evening, and very unlike the fiery, violent, unreasonable man whom Captain Aylmer remembered to have met at the station hotel of the Great Northern Railway.

"I was as sure of it as possible," Clara said to her husband that night.

"Sure of what, my dear?"

"That she would have a red nose."

"Who has got a red nose?"

"Don't be stupid, Will. Who should have it but Lady Emily?"

"Upon my word I didn't observe it."

"You never observe anything, Will; do you? But don't you think she is very plain?"

"Upon my word I don't know. She isn't as handsome as some people."

"Don't be a fool, Will. How old do you suppose her to be?"

"How old? Let me see. Thirty, perhaps."

"If she's not over forty, I'll consent to change noses with her."

"No;—we won't do that; not if I know it."

"I cannot conceive why any man should marry such a woman as that. Not but what she's a very good woman, I dare say; only what can a man get by it? To be sure there's the title, if that's worth anything."

But Will Belton was never good for much conversation at this hour, and was too fast asleep to make any rejoinder to the last remark.

THE END.

From the Reader.

## NEW-ENGLAND LIFE.

*Faith Gartney's Girlhood.* By the Author of "The Gayworthys," &c., &c. (Samson Low, Son, & Marston.)

THE author of the "Gayworthys" is one with whom it is a real pleasure to become better acquainted. He does not ask you to pay him a flying visit, or seek to dazzle you by spreading before you false glitter and electro-plate. He takes you home with him into New-England life, and, if your palate be not vitiated by highly-spiced sensational condiments, you will be sure to enjoy the sound and healthy food which he places abundantly before you; good wholesome country fare, choicest of its kind, in plenty. Human nature in its best and simplest phases, peace and kindness without cant, puritanism in its purest form, are the materials the author delights to work with, and in his hands the result is that "Faith Gartney's Girlhood" is one of the most genial gifts which America has sent over, in recognition of close kindred, to the Old Country.

We are told in the preface that "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," was "a story begun for young girls; that it has grown as they grow, to womanhood; and, having no artistic pretension, is a simple record of something of the thought and life that lies between fourteen and twenty." A most critical period is chosen; one that stamps its impress upon the character for good or evil that is never effaced; a period of waiting and longing for something to do out of the ordinary routine of that daily life in which what we know and what we do is the world to us—a period so little understood, that we are glad to find an author able and willing to "dedicate a work to those young girls, who dream, and wish, and strive, and err, and obtain, perhaps, little help to interpret their own spirits to themselves."

The scene is laid in New England. Aunt Faith Henderson has relics of the Pilgrim Fathers—a blunderbuss, a wooden ox-saddle, high-backed claw-footed chairs, and other by-gones, in the low oak-pannelled rooms of her old home in Kinnicutt, "where generation after generation of the same name and line had inhabited it until now." Aunt Faith Henderson arrives at her nephew's, Mr. Gartney's house, on New Year's Eve, somewhat unexpectedly. Her young namesake, Faith Gartney, is absent at a party at the Rushleigh's, an influential family, residing in Signal-street, Mishau-mok; Mrs. Rushleigh being "a sort of St. Peter of

fashion, holding its mystic keys, and admitting or rejecting whom she would." Faith Gartney, at the age of nine, objected to her own "old-maid's" name, and would have preferred either Clotilda or Cleopatra. Whereupon Miss Henderson told her she was welcome to change it for any heathen woman's, the worse behaved perhaps the better.

"Aunt Henderson had a downright, and rather extreme fashion of putting things; nevertheless, in her heart she was not unkindly." Her object in coming to Mishau-mok at this time was to provide herself with another "girl," her servant Prue having become "Mrs. Pelatiah Trowe."

"I haven't told you yet, Elizabeth, what I came to town for," said Aunt Faith, when Mrs. Gartney came back into the breakfast-room.

"I am going to hunt up a girl."

"But why in the world do you come to the city for a servant? It's the worst possible place. Nineteen out of twenty are utterly good for nothing."

"I'm going to look out for the twentieth."

"But aren't there girls enough in Kinnicutt who would be glad to step into Prue's place?"

"Of course there are; plenty. But they're all well enough off where they are. When I have a chance to give away, I want to give it to somebody that needs it."

"I'm afraid you'll hardly find any efficient girl who will appreciate the chance of going twenty miles into the country."

"I don't want an efficient girl. I'm efficient myself, and that's enough."

"Going to train another, at your time of life, aunt?" asked Mrs. Gartney, in surprise.

"I suppose I must either train a girl, or let her train me; and, at any time of life, I don't feel to stand in need of that."

"How shall I go to work to inquire?" resumed Aunt Henderson, after a pause.

"Well, there are the Homes, and the Offices, and the Ministers at Large. At a Home, they would probably recommend you somebody they've made up their minds to put out to service, and she might or might not be such an one as would suit you. Then at the Offices, you'll see all sorts, and mostly poor ones."

"I'll try an Office first," interrupted Miss Henderson. "I want to see all sorts. Faith, you'll go with me, by-and-bye, won't you, and help me find the way."

Faith is busy writing in her album, ab-

sorbed in copying into it the oracle, which, in the game of "Sortes," played the night before, had fallen to her share. It ran thus:—

Rouse to some high and holy work of love,  
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know;  
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;  
The good begun by thee while here below  
Shall like a river run, and broader flow.

This oracle is the key to Faith's aspirations. But nothing "high and holy" presents itself, and "common calls to common duty" alone await her. Faith leaves the room to attend upon her mother, and Aunt Henderson reads the lines her niece has just copied into her album. When Faith returns, including to them, she says to her aunt, "There don't seem to be much that I can do." The aunt's reply gives the key to that lady's character: "Just take hold of the first thing that comes in your way. If the Lord's got anything bigger to give you, he'll see to it. There's your mother's mending-basket brim-full of stockings.

Faith Gartney has beauty, loving friends, tender parents, though Mr. Gartney is improvident and always short of money, a young lover in Paul Rusbleigh, and much that should have made life bright to her; while in another young existence, that of Glory M'Whirk, an orphan brought up in Stonebury Poor-house, into which there seemed little probability of "any great joy" ever getting, though she, also, was looking for something to happen. A place is found for her with a Mrs. Grubbling, in Budd Street, "one of those houses where they have fried dinners so often that the smell never gets out," and "here Glory M'Whirk, from eight years old to nearly fifteen, scoured knives and brasses, tended door-bell, set tables, washed dishes, and minded the baby; whom, at her peril, she must 'keep pacified'—i. e., amused and content, while its mother is busy." This girl—

Uncherished, repressed in every natural longing to be and to have, took in all the more of what was possible; for God had given her this glorious insight, this imagination, wherewith we fill up life's scanty outline, and grasp at all that might be, or that elsewhere is. In her, as in us all, it was often—nay, daily—a discontent; yet a noble discontent, and carbed with a grand, unconscious patience. She scoured her knives; she shuffled along the streets on hasty errands; she went up and down the house in her small menial duties; she put on and off her coarse, repulsive clothing; she uttered herself in her common, ignorant forms of speech; she showed only as a poor, low, little Irish girl,

with red hair and staring, wondering eyes, and awkward movements, and a frightened fashion of getting into everybody's way; and yet, behind all this, there was another life that went on in a hidden beauty that you and I cannot fathom, save only as God gives the like, inwardly, to ourselves.

Glory had one friend after a time; Bridget Foye, a tidy, kindly, merry apple-woman, who gives the poor girl a portion of her bench to rest upon, and tells Master Herbert Grubbling, the baby's elder brother, some of her funny stories to keep him quiet, till Glory can take up the baby again, and return to her hard duties. This boy is untruthful, and brings unmerited charges against Glory, who, in her indignation at being accused of falsehood, suddenly breaks the chain that binds her to such servitude, and declares her wish to leave. She is taken at her word, and despatched forthwith, Mrs. Grubbling telling her never to return but to "fetch her things," though secretly expecting to receive her again as an abject penitent, when she would get more work out of her than ever. Glory is taken by Bridget Foye to her own poor home, and kindly cared for. From hence she goes to an office where girls are waiting "for a place."

Having tried a "genteel West-end intelligence office," Aunt Henderson and Faith, in great disgust, "go down town, and try some of the common ones." Here they meet with Glory; attracted by her pitiful exclamation, as another girl stepped before her, of "Plenty of good times going, but they all go right by; I ain't never in any of 'em!"—

"Call that red-headed girl to me," said Miss Henderson, turning square round from the dirty figure that was presenting itself before her, and addressing the desk. "She looks clean and bright," she added, aside, to Faith, as Glory timidly yet hastily answered a signal and approached. "And poor. And longing for a chance. I'll have her."

"What was it I heard you say just now?"

"I didn't mean to speak out so, mum. It was only what I mostly thinks. That there's always lots of good times in the world, only I ain't never in 'em."

"And you thought it would be good times, did you, to go off twenty miles into the country, to live alone with an old woman like me?"

Miss Henderson's tone softened kindly to

the rough, uncouth girl, and encouraged her to confidence.

"Well, you see, mum, I should like so to go where things is green and pleasant. I lived in the country once, ever so long ago, when I was a little girl."

Miss Henderson could not help a smile that was half amused, and wholly pitiful, as she looked in the face of this creature of fourteen, so strange and earnest, with its outline of fuzzy, cropped hair, and heard her talk of "ever so long ago."

"There's only just the common here, you know, mum. And that's when all the chores is done. And you can't go on the grass, either."

"Are you strong?"

"Yes'm. I ain't never sick."

"And willing to work?"

"Yes'm. Jest as much as I know how."

"And want to learn more?"

"Yes'm. I don't know as I'd know enough hardly, to begin, though."

"Can you wash dishes? And sweep? And set table?"

To each of these queries Glory successively interposed an affirmative monosyllable, adding, gratuitously, at the close, "and tend baby, too, real good." Her eyes filled, as she thought of the Grubbling baby, with the love that always grows for that whereto one has sacrificed oneself.

"You won't have any babies to tend. Time enough for that when you've learnt plenty of other things. Who do you belong to?"

"I don't belong to anybody, mum. Father, and mother, and grandmother is all dead. I've done the chores and tended baby up at Mrs. Grubbling's ever since. That's in Budd Street. I'm staying now in High Street, with Mrs. Foye. Number 15."

"I'll come after you to-morrow. Have your things ready to go right off."

"Something happens" to Faith, besides mending stockings and making Glory fit to be seen. Mr. Gartney's health gives way under the heavy losses he sustains, and the sacrifices he is obliged to make to pay his creditors. A critical case of typhoid requires other care than wife or daughter can bestow, and Dr. Gracie, the old, tried friend and physician of the family, obtains the services of Miss Sampson, the best nurse in all Mishaumok. After explaining to her all that he requires, he takes her down for a morsel of supper, stating that if that were chicken on the table, she was a woman who always chose "drumsticks;" and as she was a study, Faith is set to work by him to

find her out. That somebody must always eat "drumsticks" being Miss Sampson's motto, she illustrates it by always choosing the hardest nursing, "the toughest job," and by her quiet, self-reliant, experienced way, and energetic rule, brings repose and comfort to the anxious hearts around a sick bed.

"And you always take the very worst and hardest cases, Dr. Gracie says."

"What's the use of taking a tough job if you don't face the toughest part of it. I don't want the comfortable end of the business. *Somebody's* got to nurse small-pox, and yellow-fever, and raving-distracted people; and I *know* the Lord made me fit to do just that very work. There ain't many that He *does* make for it, but I'm one. And if I shirked, there'd be a stitch dropped."

"Yellow fever! where have you nursed that?"

"Do you suppose I didn't go to Norfolk? I've nursed it, and I've *had* it, and nursed it again. I've been in the cholera hospitals, too. I'm seasoned to most everything."

"Do you think everybody ought to take the hardest thing they can find to do?"

"Do you think everybody ought to eat drumsticks? We'd have to kill an unreasonable lot of fowls to let 'em. No. The Lord portions out breast and wings, as well as legs. If He puts anything into your plate, take it."

There is a hearty and loving purpose in the book, so that we go willingly whithersoever it is the author's will to take us; whether it be into Aunt Faith's cozy dwelling, where she and Glory receive the minister, Roger Armstrong, as an inmate, or to Cross Corner's Farm, across the field, where Faith has persuaded her father and mother to reside, giving up business, and letting the house in Hickory Street to add to his small income, and without other cares recover his lost health and strength. How Paul Rushleigh's wooing prospered, how Faith rewarded his constancy, and how Glory found the "good times, and was always in 'em," it is not for us to reveal.

Faith's path was made so pleasant and so easy, that trial of the kind that bruises the broken reed was not sent to her. Therefore, the young life that may read "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," must not suppose that, when "something happens" to herself, her longings and strivings to achieve "some high and holy work of love" shall be attained in like manner; but take, as her

guide, the simple direction of doing with all her might that which her hand finds to do, and therewith be content. "Faith Gartney's Girlhood" is quite worthy of the author of the "Gayworthys," and greater praise cannot be bestowed upon it.

From the London Review.

# INDECENT DANCES.

FATHERS and mothers will not, we trust, look on us as puritanical, if we think it time to call their attention to a subject in which the interests of morality are deeply involved, though some of its aspects have only lately begun to engage the notice of the press. It has long been notorious that that species of public entertainment called the *ballet*, though as an interlude on the lyric stage it is looked on without complaint by sedate and respectable members of society, tends to recruit the ranks of a class whose existence is a pestilent sore, and whose increase is a national disgrace; that rich voluptuaries in many cases supply the funds by which a manager's exchequer is enabled to bear the drain caused by the expensive spectacles in which crowds of dancing-girls appear; and that the patrons have all the opportunities which the *coulisses* afford of cultivating an intimacy with those whom they may specially wish to favour. To be just, however, we must admit that there are instances in which public dancing became, from necessity, the calling of young girls who were brought up to it from childhood by worthless or helpless parents, and in the end could hardly find any other; that it is an extremely laborious and even painful occupation, in which the most moderate degree of distinction cannot be attained without a considerable amount of actual suffering; and that there are many poor creatures by whom the toils and hardships of such a life are endured as a bitter but unavoidable necessity. But, on the other hand, the more unpleasant such a life is, the stronger must be the temptation to escape from it; and the humble *coryphée*, who is not sustained by the triumphs and the rewards of a Taglioni or an Ellsler, is often only too happy to fly from a bullying manager and a sneering *maître-de-ballet*, to find a relief in praises that degrade, and consolations that destroy.

Bad as the case was, however, when only the opera-houses and principal theatres

could afford such an entertainment, it has now become exceedingly serious when, from the Alhambra Palace in Leicester-square to the Agricultural Hall at Islington, the demand for troops of girls who are to appear every night, encumbered with as little clothing as possible, before a crowd of spectators, has attained such extraordinary proportions. It is not by the "poetry of motion" that the visitors of such places of amusement are attached and their attention fascinated. Poetical such motions may be, in the sense in which Catullus was a poet; but otherwise they are simply prurient to the depraved, and to the undepraved (who had better stay away) disgusting. Sensuality alone, and that of the coarsest, is stimulated and indulged by advertisements which particularly insist upon the "loveliness" of the numerous performers, and by sights which, within the limits of decent language, are indescribable. It is time to ask, then, what we are coming to? We are naturalizing in London some of the institutions of Lahore; but worse than that, we are training our English nautch-girls not for a mere *ὄρχησις παρτίβος*, performed in private before a limited number of spectators, but for a system of public exhibitions, to find a parallel for which we must go back to the worst period of Corinthian corruption. This is not a matter upon which even the highest classes of society can afford to look with indifference. If tolerated, much more if patronized, the taint will spread, and a moral pestilence, worse immeasurably than any cholera or cattle plague, will desolate every rank of society. Already our noblest matrons have found reason to complain that their sons openly display their intimacy with the Anonymas who exhibit their horse-breaking abilities in Hyde-park; and even their high-bred daughters form the style of their conversation on such vicious and vulgar models. But the imitation, they may be sure, will not stop there. If we can draw any conclusion from what is happening in France, where at least one lady of very high rank and position has lately distinguished herself in a way of which Sallust's words — "*psallere, saltare elegantius quam necesse est probæ*" — are a mild description, is there not some reason to apprehend that we may find amongst us not only an enormous increase of Phrynes, but even a large growth of Fulvias?

Among fashionable people fashion is the only standard of morality. A good many years ago our grandfathers and grandmothers were shocked by the introduction of a



foreign dance which was too bad for the not very stern morality of Lord Byron, though it found favour with Lord Palmerston. Byron, it is true, was no dancer, and Palmerston was a good one. But, at the present day, no person of fashion sees any harm in waltzing. Later, another dance of foreign origin made its appearance amongst us, and, though discountenanced by the very highest authority, has nevertheless taken and maintained its place at the balls of the best society. Whether the young ladies, who sometimes complain that the bouquets they wore on their bosoms were crushed by their partners in the waltz or the polka, sustained at the same time any damage not visible to the eye, we will not undertake to decide; though we must own that it is not calculated to produce in a well-regulated mind any sense of satisfaction to see an honourably-nurtured maiden performing such dances in conjunction with some one who is known to disregard in practice the stringency of the seventh commandment. Brothers, however (of fashion, be it understood), who know all about them, have no difficulty in introducing such persons to their sisters as suitable partners. Upon this point, however, we will not enter further into detail; we refer to the subject merely to illustrate the influence of public spectacles upon the morals of society. The dances which have become in time popular and fashionable, when first seen on the stage were not thought quite correct, and society did not entertain any good opinion of the performers. But what was at first barely "endured" was afterwards "embraced," and now one would be thought rather strait-laced who should condemn what "all the world" approves of. Clearly, however, a line must be drawn somewhere, and society had better decide in time how far it is prepared to go in this direction. Parents will do well to set their faces against the spread of immoral entertainments if they do not wish to find their sons laying the foundations of a life of shame in a youth of sin; and, above all, if they would not have that said of their daughters which was once written with too much truth:—

"Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos  
Matura virgo, et fingitur artubus  
Jam nunc, et incestos amores  
De tenero meditatur ungui."

## POETRY.

*Brother Fabian's Manuscript, and Other Poems.* By Sebastian Evans. (Macmillan & Co.)

*Wayside Warbles.* By Edward Capern, Rural Postman of Bideford, Devon. (Sampson Low & Marston.)

*The Wild Garland; or, Curiosities of Poetry, Selected, Arranged, and Classified.* By Isaac J. Reeve. Vol. I. (F. Pitman.)

THE reviewer whose long search in the dreary waste of modern verse is at length rewarded by a glimpse of poetry will probably recall the lines in which Kents expresses his feelings on reading Chapman's "Homer":—

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,  
When a new planet swims into his ken:  
Or like bold Cortez, when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent upon a peak in Darien.

The discovery of a new planet is, in fact, an event almost as rare in the poetical heaven as in the sidereal. Mr. Evans is undoubtedly a poet; rough, unformed, and somewhat sinewless, but still a poet. His volume of *Juvenilia* is rich in promise, and leads us to believe that its author, when he has learned to trust fully in his own powers, to avoid imitation, to perfect his work, and, most of all, to "biot," will produce poetry of a high order. We are equally impressed with the wealth and the incompleteness of his work. He scatters on every side gems, pure indeed in water, but badly cut, and but half polished. There is scarcely an author whose works principally influence the prevailing forms of modern poetry, of whom, as we read, we are not at times reminded. Keats, Tennyson, Hood, and Browning are, in turns, recalled to us, and recollections of older poets, as Milton and Herrick, are also evoked.

The scene of the opening poem is laid in the fifteenth century, in the Abbey of Saint Werewulf juxta Slingsby; and in the poem itself Prior Hugo narrates how the Abbey became possessed of Brother Fabian's "Manuscript." The prioress of a neighbouring convent transferred to the abbot of Saint Werewulf the precious roll, in order, by its sacrifice, to obtain the remission of a pen-

alty about to be inflicted upon her graceless nephew, Randal. The offence committed by the youth consisted in fishing for pike, after a peculiar fashion recommended by Dame Juliana Berners. A gudgeon is fastened to the leg of a gander, which is then thrown into the lake, near the haunt of the pike. The latter swallows the bait, whereupon a combat ensues between the pike and the gander, very similar to that which, in modern days, we have witnessed in barbarous districts, when a duck, with an owl fastened on its back, is thrown into water. The whole of this opening poem is written with much humour. The following verses describe the fight which Randal, half wild with delight, surveys from the shore:—

Gabbling and plashing half across the pool,  
A fleet of goose-down scudding in his wake,  
Wrestles the gander, straining web and wing —  
Suddenly halts, — a charm-wrecked argosy  
Dreamily foundering in enchanted deeps,  
The feathery poop half tugged beneath the waves

By a live anchor. Up he flaps again,  
Like a mad trampler in a vintage-vat,  
Churning the ripples into foam; his head  
Now ducking fruitlessly beneath the surge,  
Now lifted cackling his despair to heaven!  
A lull! — Sir John fights sulky. Randal's bird

Now prematurely jubilant, as before  
Despairing prematurely, wags his tail  
And prunes his ruffled pinions, gabbling low  
The while a ditty of gracious self-applause.

Again the poop bobs under! — off he starts,  
The craziest he of biped lunatics,  
A gander desperate! Universal earth,  
Itself fast shuddering into chaos, holds  
But one thing certain, that the pool's bewitched!  
Within the unhallowed banks weird sorcery lurks

Fatal to goose-kind! With a spooming plunge  
That trails his torturer-victim in his wake  
He wrestles shoreward, paddling piteously  
With impotent neck outstretched beyond the marge,

So freely near, so inaccessible,  
With that lithe fiend still jerking at his leg;  
Till Randal, conscious of the coming Dame,  
Clutching the chance and outstretched neck at once

With his right hand, falls flat, and with his left  
Gropes for his pike-line in the muddy ooze,  
Unmoors the hapless proxy of his rod,  
And lands Sir John in triumph.

The contents of the manuscript consist, with the exception of "A Charm," of poetical legends of the "Three Kings of Cologne," "St. Bernard," "Robin Hood's Death and Burial," "Judas Iscariot's Paradise,"

"Charlemagne's Daughter," "Nickar the Soulless," and the "Fifteen Days of Judgment." In these the style of old monkish legends is cleverly imitated; the most ambitious, the "Fifteen Days of Judgment," is also the least satisfactory. "Charlemagne's Daughter" though resembling much too closely for accident the St. Agnes' Eve of Keats, is, on the whole, the best, and rises at times to a considerable poetical elevation. "The Charm" is very cleverly written, and embodies many forms of old superstition:—

When at Easter on thy lea  
First thick-legged lamb thou see, —  
If upon the greenwood side  
Brock or crafty fox be spied,  
Goodman, turn thy money!

If the magpie or the jay,  
Or the lapwing, cross thy way,  
Or the raven from his oak  
Ban thee hoarsely with his croak,  
Goodman, turn thy money!

If when at the hearth thou sit  
Spark from out the fire should flit, —  
If, when wintry tempests beat,  
Candle wear a winding sheet,  
Goodman, turn thy money!

If the wizard's ring appear  
Round the moon, or if thou see her  
Full or new, — or, worse mishap,  
New with old upon her lap,  
Goodman, turn thy money!

If the salt thou chance to spill,  
Token sure of coming ill, —  
If thirteen sit down to sup,  
And thou first have risen up,  
Goodman, turn thy money!

Goodman true, wouldst fend thyself  
From witchcraft and midnight elf?  
Wouldst thou drear no faery harm?  
Keep in mind my simple charm;  
Goodman, turn thy money!

Goodman, learn my charm and verse,  
Learn to carry poke or purse!  
And, that not in vain thou learn,  
Somewhat keep therein to turn! —  
Goodman, turn thy money!

Quoth Fabian.

"Judas Iscariot's Paradise" is written in verse in which the mysticism of monkish chronicles is exceedingly well copied, and the legend of Robin Hood has the ring of the old ballads about it. "Nickar the Soulless One" is more modern in style, but

tells a quaint and very pleasing story.  
We can quote a few stanzas only:—

Where by the marishes  
Boo-meth the bittarn,  
Nickar the soulless one  
Sits with the ghittern—  
Sits inconsolable,  
Friendless and foeless,  
Wailing his destiny—  
Nickar the Soulless.

"Mine, O to make her mine!  
Mine, and for ever!  
Why did I gaze on her?  
Mine she is never!  
Down by the river-aits  
Walked she at day-rise,  
Beautiful, bright as a  
Child of the Faeries;

"Kirtled right maidenly,  
Broidered her bodice,  
Belted with emeralds  
Fit for a goddess,  
Came where the whispering  
Aspen-leaves quiver,  
Just where the silver mere  
Spreads from the river,

"Came for a morning bath,  
Lovely and lonely,  
Ornan the swan-breasted,  
Ornan the only!  
Came, and the silken fret,  
Deftly untwining,  
Let fall the golden locks,  
Ripple-like shining."

Among the miscellaneous poems which form the later portion of the volume, "The Harvest Home" is by far the best; indeed, we are inclined to rank it as the best in the volume. Its metre is happy and varied, and charming rural pictures are continually presented:—

Four grey horses, sleek and strong,  
Bear the harvest wain along;  
While the lime-trees, as it rolls,  
Snatch aloft the golden tolls  
Immemorial due  
To their cloistral avenue.

The lines which follow are worthy of Wither or Herrick:—

Scrape it, fiddlers! foot it, dancers!  
See how heel to fiddle answers!  
Foot it, shuffling, shifting places,  
Down the avenue of faces;  
Shifting, shuffling, in and out,  
Up and down and round about;  
Whirling skirts and ribbons streaming,  
Neat-laced ankles trimly gleaming,

Corduroys all shaking, reeling,  
Hob-nailed boot-soles toeing, heeling,  
Stamping, shuffling, all in line,  
Treading out the tune like wine.

Lines addressed to Garibaldi and to Cavour are not very successful; others, upon William Makepeace Thackeray, December 24, 1863, are in a happier vein. The last poem in the book, "A Christmas Dream," is impressive. The following are its opening lines:—

I dreamed a dream, towards Christmas Eve,  
Of a people whose God was Make-believe,  
And a time when come to do more than grieve.

A dream of an old Faith shrunk to a Guess,  
And a Christian Church, and Senate, and Press,  
Which believed they believed in it more or less.

These extracts will enable the reader to judge of the music of Mr. Evans' versification, and of the nature of the subjects he has selected. We have chosen them for their beauty alone, and have not endeavoured by quotation to fortify the opinion we have expressed as to the faults and slovenliness of which he has been guilty. We believe that the faults we find in this volume, though numerous, are all remediable; and we see in what Mr. Evans has already done ample ground for hope and encouragement to future effort.

Mr. Capern, the rural postman of Bideford, has already made himself a name among our minor minstrels, and everything from his pen we receive with pleasure. Among our rural poets, our Bloomfields and Clares, he is entitled to a foremost rank, and there is a lyrical grace in his verses to which none of his contemporaries have attained. His last volume is divided into two portions, whereof the former is composed of lyrics on various subjects, while the latter, entitled "Willow Leaves," consists of poems having a common centre of interest in a domestic calamity which is the theme of them all. In the foremost portion, "Why so jealous grown," and "The Missing Star," are our favourites. The former has been suggested by a song of Sir H. Wotton. From the "Willow Leaves" we quote the following short and melancholy poem, entitled "Under the Snow":—

Sweet little loving thing, low, low, low,  
Down in the cold, cold grave she lies;  
Deep 'neath the daisy-knoll under the snow,  
Silenced for ever her carols and cries.

Sweet little Dimpled chin, how she would  
dance!

Dear little Laughing eyes, how she would  
smile!

Still are her tiny feet now, and her glance  
Beams not on me for a weary long while.

"Dead!" do my neighbours say? Death  
is a dream:

In the mid-Maytime she went out to play;  
Daily I see her by meadow and stream,  
Couch'd 'mid the goldencups, sunny as they.

Weep, my eyes, scalding tears, weep, weep,  
weep!

Bleed, my soul; throb, my heart, heavy with  
pain!

When shall my tender one wake from her  
sleep?

When shall I gaze on my beauty again?

Sweet little loving thing, low, low, low,  
Down in the cold, cold grave she lies;  
Deep 'neath the daisy-knoll under the snow,  
Silenced for ever her carols and cries.

The "Wild Garland" is a collection of whimsical verses, rebuses, epigrams, inscriptions, &c. It has an introduction and notes by Mr. Reeve. Our language is not particularly rich in this description of literature. Epigram has never been so important a weapon of ridicule in England as, since the time of the Mazarinades, it has been in France, and we possess only single specimens of those Macaronic verses which in Italy constitute almost a literature. Many curious trifles are, however, preserved in this volume. Mr. Reeve, quoting the well-known verse containing the rhyme to Ipecacuanha, ascribes it, we fancy erroneously, to Canning. He does not, moreover, seem to be aware of the existence of more than one verse, whereas the poem consists of four.

J. K.

From the London Review.

#### ENGRAVING WITH A SUNBEAM.

THIS is assuredly the age of scientific wonders. If in point of philosophic abstraction our generation is somewhat inferior to preceding ones, in all that concerns the practical application of theories it is far in advance of its predecessors. Our modern savants are of the utilitarian school, and they seek rather to discover the mode in which scientific speculations may be made subser-

vient to the comforts of man, than to frame generalizations which have only an abstract importance. How far this condition is to be admired, we do not pretend to say. The contemplation of Nature's works and the search for the laws by which she controls the universe, are pursuits of the sublimest type; but in these days the man who is completely absorbed by them is often looked on as a dreamer — as one who does not take his rank in the race of life. Whether it be that Transatlantic tendencies have taken possession of us or not it is difficult to determine, but one thing is certain — we of the nineteenth century pride ourselves above all things upon being "practical men." Need we adduce proofs that the *utile* is the fetish of the age? Can we not flash our thoughts with the rapidity of lightning to the remotest portions of the globe? — nay, can we not even cause them to be written down in enduring letters by Cassell's recording telegraph? Have we not turned the spectroscope towards the sun and stars, and investigated their chemical constitution? Do not our microscopes, in fulfilling the highest anticipations of optical theorists, enable us almost to penetrate into the molecular condition of matter? Can we not with the most rigid accuracy forecast the hurricane, explore the bowels of the earth, and examine the very recesses of the human frame? These surely are sufficient examples of the practical science of to-day.

There is, however, another instance which, from its familiarity and the infinity of its possible applications, is better testimony to what we have said than any of the foregoing — we allude to the art of sun-painting. Photography, which is the application of a very simple chemical principle, has done, and promises to do, more for man than any other invention save that of the steam-engine. Already it has lent its aid to the painter, the sculptor, the philosopher; but it now extends its sphere of usefulness, and gives a helping hand to "the arts," properly so called. By M. Willème's curious apparatus, photography has been made to do the greater portion of the work formerly achieved by the sculptor's chisel. Through the exertions of Mr. Brooke, it has been made the handmaid of meteorology — the records of the various indications of scientific instruments being now intrusted to this "genius of the lamp." It is wonderful to think that, through the long hours of the night, when the whole world is at rest, photography takes the place of human labor, and moment by moment writes down

a history of the natural phenomena which are taking place around us; yet this is no freak of the imagination. In the Royal Observatory at Greenwich the night assistants have been, in a great measure, done away with, and the unerring pen of photography records, in legible and truthful symbols, the operations of the physical universe. The combination of lithography and sun-painting is another important illustration of what photography has done. Photo-lithography is undoubtedly a most useful application of the art, but its field of action is a limited one. When a picture in black and white alone is required, the process of photo-lithography is admirably adapted to the cheap reproduction of the original representation. But when it is necessary to preserve a variety of gradations of shading — when a number of half-tints have to be delineated — the photo-lithograph cannot be employed.

One of the most valuable qualities which photography possesses is its precision. By it we get an undeniably faithful picture of the object portrayed, and one whose accuracy can never be called in question. Therefore in all pictorial illustrations which are not merely works of the imagination, photography surpasses the pencil in truthfulness, and would necessarily be universally employed were it not for the time and expense attending the production of copies on a large scale. To illustrate cheap works by photography alone, would necessitate an expenditure which no experienced publisher would dream of. This difficulty of reproduction, then, has hitherto trammelled the application of photography to literary purposes. We say hitherto, for a new invention removes all obstacles, and henceforth we hope to see the reliable labours of the photographer substituted for the less assuring results of the pencil and the graving-tool.

The title of our article is by no means figurative. We can now dispense with the engraver, and employ the sunbeam in his stead. The new process by which this revolution is to be effected is that of Mr. Walter Woodbury, and has been recently described in the scientific journals. As it is not a complex one, we shall try and convey an idea of its general features. In taking an ordinary photograph, a solution of silver is placed upon glass, and has projected on it, through the medium of a camera obscura, an image of some object which it is desired to represent. This image consists of several combinations of light and shade, and, as the effect of light is to darken the silver solution

by decomposing it, the lightest shades (those most illuminated) are represented on the glass plate by dark portions, and the dark shades, being less decomposed, are fainter. In this case, the object photographed has been represented by lights and shades. There are, however, certain combinations other than those of silver, which are differently affected by light. Now, a compound of gelatine and bichromate of ammonia is one of these. When this is exposed to the action of light, it becomes perfectly insoluble; so that when a photograph taken with it is placed in hot water, the parts which were least exposed are dissolved away, and those submitted to the light remain, thus leaving a representation in relief. Upon this quality of bichromatized gelatine depends the principal feature in the new process. In the first instance, a negative (that is, a photograph of a special kind on glass) is taken of the picture or object of which it is wished to obtain an engraving, and this is placed over a plate of talc, bearing a stratum of the prepared gelatine, and in this position exposed to the light. The sun's rays, in passing through the negative, fall upon the gelatine, with various intensity, hardening the parts least covered, and leaving those parts unaltered which are completely protected by the shadows of the negative. After sufficient exposure, the gelatine plate is removed, and placed in hot water, which dissolves away all those parts unacted on by the sun, leaves those completely exposed intact, and partially removes the portions of the plate which were slightly protected. When, therefore, the gelatine plate, with its support of talc, is removed from the water, it presents a series of elevations and depressions which exactly correspond in extent and height to the lights and shades of the picture. It is in fact an intaglio plate in gelatine, but one which, as its depressions correspond to the light portions of the picture, cannot be used for engraving. A cast must be taken; and this is effected either by metallic deposition, as in electrotyping, or by pressing the hardest gelatine plate into one of soft lead. The latter method is the one which Mr. Woodbury employs, and although it seems hard to believe, it is unquestionably the fact that by pressure alone a perfect impression of the gelatine is produced on type-metal.

The next stage in the process is that of printing. An intaglio block, *i. e.*, one in which the depressions are to be filled with ink and the surface to be left clean, has been produced, but it remains to be shown how it is used. If it were simply coated with or-



dinary printing ink the "proof" would be as devoid of half-tones as the worst photo-lithograph, and therefore a peculiar ink, suggested many years ago by Mr. Gaudin, is employed. This ink consists of gelatine holding colouring matter, of whatever hue is desired, in solution; it is a translucent preparation and is not densely coloured. This compound is poured into the intaglio mould — for a mould it really is — and the latter is pressed down upon the paper which is to receive the print. The ink, which has become semi-solid, falls from the depressions in the block somewhat in the manner of jelly from a jelly-mould, and soaks into the paper. In this way the deepest depressions, corresponding to the darkest shades, throw down the greatest number of layers of ink, and the shallowest ones the least; so that a picture is produced in which

even the most delicate half-tints are exquisitely brought out. Indeed, the result is somewhat similar to that of "washing" in water-colour painting, the greatest quantity of colour producing the greatest shade, and conversely — every tint in the gradation being preserved.

The inventor of the exceedingly ingenious method we have described considers that one man at work with four "presses" could produce as many as one hundred and twenty prints per hour, and at a cost which would be very trifling. If in practice Mr. Woodbury's process turns out as successful results as those we have already seen, we have no doubt of its coming into general use. At present we can only testify to the beauty and perfection of the specimens we have inspected.

## THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

*"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."*

THREE white-clad forms beside the bed,

With little hands upheld,

When all their toys are laid away,

And the noise of day is quelled;

And mother hears them each repeat,

With voices earnest, low and sweet,

The simple prayer

She teaches there;

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,

Look upon a little child."

Fond kisses and "good nights" from all,

As rosy cheeks are laid

On snowy pillows, then, calm sleep

Till dreamy night shall fade.

Good angels bend above each face

That silent lies in smiling grace!

Though toil and care

Our lives must share:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,

Look upon a little child."

O, loved and sinless little ones,

When years have led you on,

And she who lingers o'er you now

To her reward has gone;

When the toys of life are laid away,

And evening comes, still may you pray,

With faithful hearts,

As life departs:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,

Look upon a little child!"

GEORGE COOPER.

— N. Y. Evening Post.

## THE COLLAR OF FREEDOM.

BY J. C. HAGEN.

I HAD a strange vision while musing at eve,  
That did all reality seem ;  
For humanity's sake I would gladly believe,  
It may prove to be only a dream.

America's genius all radiant stood,  
Conferring reward and applause  
On the champions brave and the counsellors  
good,  
Who have faithfully fought in her cause.

She gave her white heroes with liberal hand,  
The honors their valor had earned ;  
And then with a smile condescending and  
bland,  
To her sable-hued champions she turned.

"None stood by their country more bravely  
than you,  
When ready to sink 'neath her foes,  
And now in a spirit of gratitude true,  
Behold the reward she bestows !"

Round each swarthy neck then a collar she  
cast,  
Inscribed with the words — "I AM FREE !"  
But a long pendent chain through each collar  
that passed,  
Could hardly for ornament be !

A strange badge of freedom this collar thought  
I,  
And stranger reward for the brave ;  
And so thought the freedmen, I judged, by the  
sigh  
And piteous look which they gave.

"This collar of freedom must win you ap-  
plause,"  
She said, "for all by it may see,  
To those who have battled and bled in her  
cause,  
How grateful a nation can be.

"And though your late master still hold by the  
chain,  
Lest freedom your ruin should be,  
They never can make of you chattels again —  
This collar declares you are free.

"You are free to submit, you are free to obey,  
You are free, if submissive, to live ;  
And you have the freedom to work for such  
pay  
As the white man may grudgingly give.

"But the loftier freedom that manhood implies,  
Of course, you will gladly forego ;  
For your friends, your late masters, have deem-  
ed it unwise  
Such dangerous boon to bestow.

"Thus, with all the freedom which prudence  
demands  
The black should receive from the white,  
I trust to your friends, with the chain in their  
hands,  
To lead you and guide you aright."

She ceased, and I started awe-struck and  
amazed,  
So real the pageant did seem,  
And I said, as I did when upon it I gazed,  
I trust it is only a dream.

—Christian Inquirer.

## CHILI VINEGAR FOR SPAIN.

DON AND JOHN.

DON.

WILL you force me, will-I-nill-I, to refrain from  
hurting Chili ?  
Oh ! how partial and how silly is your conduct,  
don't you see ?  
Why you quietly let Russia trample Poland,  
Sir, and Prussia  
Plunder Denmark, yet to crush a little State  
won't suffer me.

JOHN.

Yes, but Denmark, Don, and Poland, are com-  
mercially as no land,  
I'm for chivalry a Roland when aggression  
stops my trade.  
True, the CZAR did Poland smother ; Prussia's  
Monarch robbed his brother :  
But they neither, one or other, did my custom-  
ers blockade.  
You shan't murder, you shan't plunder ; if I  
knock your Donship under,  
It will cost me less to thunder than it would to  
let you prey.  
You must know my toleration of foul wrong  
and spoliation  
Is a question of taxation — how will interven-  
tion pay ?

—Punch.

From the Shilling Magazine.

## LADY MAY'S LOVER.

THE quiet autumn of my life has come,  
A sober eventide, with yet some gleams  
Of mellowed gold, of smiles serenely sweet,  
Some tender memories of days now dead,  
Some tranquil present joys, some future hopes  
For here, more for hereafter, and my days  
Flow calmly on beneath God's loving eye.

And I, like one who after travelling long  
Has reached a high hill-top, and turns to gaze  
Upon the route now traversed, pause at times  
With retrospective eye, and wondering see  
Clearly set out before me on the plain  
The landmarks that have each a tale to tell  
Of fears, hopes, passions, aspirations high,  
Dangers, despairs, sick faintings by the way,  
Bold risings up unvanquished.

And 'mid all,  
Clearer than all, deeper, more bright, more  
dear—

More dear a thousandfold!—rises a shape,  
The image of my young life's one young love.

I cannot tell when first I saw her face.  
Hubert and I—we were young writers both,  
Striving to earn our crust, because we knew  
The homes we left had only bread enough  
To feed the helpless ones, while we had hands  
And hearts and heads—or so, at least, we  
hoped

(Not without reason, as the event declared)  
To win our own, and honour further on,  
The first stage passed.—Hubert and I, I say,  
Were wont at times, when work was slack, or  
when

The press of it had worn us, to go forth  
And saunter in the Parks, to watch the tide  
Of brighter, idler, richer, prouder lives  
Than ours, glide smoothly past.

Amid the host  
Of high-born, high-bred Anglo-Norman girls  
Nested in carriages, or pacing by  
On horses blood-like as themselves, as calm  
As they, but with the self-same latent fire  
Ready to flash from eye and swell in vein  
When the spirit moved them,—always we  
took note

Of one of these patricians. When she came  
In all the precious splendour of a youth  
Of matchless loveliness, each turned to each,  
Touching an arm and murmuring, "Here she  
comes,

Our beauty, Lady May!" And as she passed,  
Our eyes and thoughts pursued her unconscious  
form

With half-unconscious blessings.

I have seen  
No face like Lady May's throughout long years  
Of home and travel. As I saw it then  
In those first days, ere ever we had met,  
It was a face that touched some inner spring  
With a quick sympathy that thrilled me  
through

With yearning tenderness unspeakable;  
A love so touched with pity that at times  
To think of her would fill my eyes with tears;

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXII. 1450

I know not why; but something in *her* eyes  
Thus wrought on mine, and in her full-lipped  
mouth

Pouting, yet pensive, like a child aggrieved,  
Taking its wrongs in sorrow, not in wrath.  
Later I knew how this same pensive mouth  
Could smile, and how those tender, shaded  
eyes

Could pierce a soul that now they only stirred  
With an emotion deep but undefined.

And thus the time wore on. Hubert and I  
Were struggling upwards, seeing day by day  
Our efforts bursting into vigorous bud  
That promised early bloom and mellow fruit,  
And still wrought till the promise of our spring  
Summer fulfilled. And then the day arrived  
When the world's sun shone brightly forth and  
smiled

Upon our new-plucked laurels, and we found  
The world's hand offered us, its massive doors  
Flung wide on well-oiled hinges to admit  
Those whose good wits had struggled long to find  
The Open Sesame.

The world does well  
To crown success well wrought for. I, for one,  
When hardest pushed and most despondent, felt  
I had no right to claim its smiles until  
I had deserved them. For the world lacks time  
To spy out "modest merit," and to see  
A man's end in his crude beginning—he  
Must show his work complete, and not expect  
The world to follow patient every step  
Of his slow progress.

Hubert held aloof,  
Not from false pride, but from an unnamed fear  
That this bright unknown world had unknown  
snares

Fraught with all danger to a temperament  
Excitable as his. But I beheld  
In the fair field before me this one dream—  
I shall meet Lady May, and face to face  
Shall speak with her; perchance shall touch  
her hand.

No more than this I aimed at, dreamt of,  
sought;  
Such chance were bliss enough to fill my soul,  
And lay upon my life a shining crown  
Of perfect rapture, with a smile of hers  
To form the centre jewel.

Lady May,  
Did no warm summer sigh, no summer song  
Of bird, or breath of flower, or voice of rill,  
Bring to your heart a whisper, soft and vague,  
Of how well you were worshipped?

Came a day  
When face to face I met her; when I bowed  
With leaping heart before her; when I heard  
The liquid music of her tongue, that brought  
Again that quick up-welling of the tears  
To my hot lids, so full its accents seemed  
Of some unfathomed depth of unknown power  
To move the under-currents of my soul  
That heard and thrilled and sought to under-  
stand.

We talked together. I remember she  
Spoke little of my books, but with a smile  
And simultaneous blush—she never spoke

With earnestness, and very seldom smiled  
 Without so blushing — those blest lips of hers  
 Repeated from the last a certain passage  
 That I had written from the inmost depths  
 Of my heart's core one day when I had seen  
 Her pass before me, and had turned away  
 To ease my soul by pouring forth in words  
 Some portion of its fulness. How I longed  
 To tell her so! but I as soon had dared  
 To kiss her hand, or take her glove, or look  
 Or breathe a word of worship. So I smiled  
 And murmured incoherent words, and looked  
 And felt a fool, and loathed myself and stole  
 A trembling glance to see if she should smile,  
 Derisive of my boorishness. But she,  
 Sweet soul, had never such a cruel thought.  
 She, 'mid the stately calm that fenced her  
 round,  
 Was yet as shy as any village maid,  
 And though her birth and training made her  
 school  
 Her shyness, she had ready sympathy  
 For bashfulness in others.

What we said  
 More I recall not. Only this I know —  
 That when we parted, and I felt the touch  
 Of her gloved hand vouchsafed to me, I felt  
 Caught of a sudden from the lowly earth  
 On which I trod, up to St. Paul's third heaven —  
 All by that hand.

The season passed,  
 And rarely chanced it that a week went by  
 Without our meeting. In the early days  
 Of our acquaintance, I was wont to speak  
 Of her to Hubert. Steadily I spoke,  
 Stilling my pulses, tutoring my voice,  
 To cheat him and myself into the thought  
 That naught of passion tinged the reverence  
 With which I viewed her. Hubert never  
 smiled,

Nor never questioned: silently he heard:  
 Until at last, one night, when I came home,  
 My heart so brimful of her that I spoke  
 Less guardedly, perchance, than was my wont,  
 Or something in my face or in my voice  
 Betrayed me, Hubert shook his head and  
 sighed.

That silenced me. Thenceforth between us rose  
 The barrier of a secret. 'Twas the first  
 And last, and only one; but there it stood;  
 And in the intercourse of every day,  
 We who had lived as brothers, inly felt  
 The unacknowledged pain of such reserve,  
 And felt it all the more that either strove  
 To disavow it, and to seem as though  
 Unconscious of the gulf between us fixed.

Upon the sloping banks of quiet Thames,  
 Beneath the hill that's crowned by pleasant  
 Sheen,  
 A house there stood amid its garden fair  
 As those of paradise.

This Eden bloomed  
 For Lady May. For often, when the heat  
 And throng of crowded rooms had paled her  
 cheek,  
 Or that her tender nature craved to be

Amid the blush of flowers, and 'neath the shade  
 Of June-leaved trees and song of nightingales,  
 The Earl, her father, and her mother took  
 Their darling for a summer holiday  
 To the Richmond villa. There, amid a knot  
 Of chosen guests, the days and nights passed  
 Truly like those of Eden. Lady May  
 Was privileged to ask whatever guests  
 It pleased her to this quiet nest, o'er which  
 She held a smiling sway, for it was called  
 Always "May's villa" by her parents, who  
 Declared themselves, like others, visitors.  
 The pretty fiction pleased her and pleased  
 them;

And oh! how it enraptured me, when she,  
 One night as we were parting, left her hand  
 An instant within mine the while she said —  
 "On Saturday we go to spend a week  
 At Richmond, at my villa; you will come?"

I went, of course. I felt that I was mad,  
 For I had no illusions; never dreamt  
 That I could e'er be aught to Lady May  
 Than just what I was then, a sort of friend:  
 Yet hardly that — for though she always sought  
 To bridge, or hide, the abyss between us  
 stretched,

I never could forget it, and I felt  
 The tenure of my footing lay in such  
 Continued recollection of myself;  
 Not in small points and trifling etiquettes,  
 Nor yet in aught befitting to a man  
 Who holds his manliness and dignity  
 As things inherent to his state, and deems  
 He only merits the regard he wins.  
 From those above him in the social scale  
 While he maintains them — but in subtle points  
 Which lie beyond the certain boundary  
 That marks each grade upon that social scale.

I knew this always; and I also knew  
 That — though herself unconscious of the  
 thought

I carefully kept dormant, should she wake  
 To my idolatry — awake to know  
 My humble homage was the love that man  
 Bestows on woman; just the love that Eve  
 Inspired in Adam — the patrician blood  
 Would lift itself against me, make her feel  
 As I had injured her — with treachery  
 Had stolen into her confidence to take  
 Presumptuous advantage of the place  
 Her kindness had accorded.

This I knew,  
 And knew each day I saw her must increase  
 Tenfold the love, tenfold the agony,  
 Tenfold the hopelessness — and yet I went!

I went, thinking it madness: for my youth,  
 Starved of youth's joys by manhood's work  
 and care,

Hungering for happiness, athirst for love —  
 Sought them alone, deemed them the one reward  
 Of honourable toil and hours well spent  
 In manly labour, spurning silken ease  
 No less than vice: — I went, knowing that these  
 Were to be shown me, made to float before  
 My dazzled sight, like ignes fatui,  
 But never to be tasted.

I had yet

To learn the deeper secret that the years  
Slowly unfold. How a great love becomes  
Its own reward; how its most holy flame  
Warms, purifies, expands the heart and brain;  
Makes a man godlike with the sacred force  
And elevation it accords to him;  
How, the love-lesson learned, the love thrown  
back

By one extends into a wider sphere,  
And takes the world into its great embrace.

My lady! O my darling! O my love!  
How, as those days I spent beside thee float  
Back on my memory, my heart awakes  
And makes them present! all the joys alive,  
The pain so deadened by Time's mellowing hand  
That all my thoughts of thee are tender-sweet  
As dying June days, even song of thrush,  
Moonlight on water, flow'rs that through the  
night  
Unseen waft odours, cooing of the doves  
In summer woods! My blessing on thee,  
sweet!

The joy was all thy giving; all the pain  
Was born of circumstance. I thank my God,  
No thought of thee is tinged with bitterness;  
My memory has never to record  
A frown of thine, a word less kindly toned,  
A hand withdrawn. Across the gulf of Time  
I look upon thee as the men of old  
Looked on the angels sent with messages  
Direct from God.

If I have spoken aught  
That hath brought courage to a fainting heart,  
Hath waked a soul to higher, holier aims,  
Hath given light in darkness, marked the way  
That leads to Heaven — 'twas thou, beloved!  
'twas thou

That wast that angel-messenger 'twixt God  
And me, His servant, teaching me to speak.  
It matters not that all unknown to thee  
Thou workedst out thy mission: — Love thro'  
thee,  
And God through Love, chose well their mes-  
senger.

I think there's not an hour of all those days  
I spent by Lady May I could not now  
Clearly remember. Even now I see  
Each flower she loved the best; large luscious  
roses,

Apricot-tinted, heavy with the wealth  
Of odour rich yet subtle; jasmine stars,  
Studding with light the dark of sombre green;  
Fervid, full-blooded cloves; magnolias white,  
Each bloom a vase, filled up and brimming o'er  
With perfume on the balmy summer air —  
These, and a hundred others, to this day  
Bring her before me as I saw her then,  
And still shall see her till the day I die.

Those days with anguish and with rapture  
filled!

Sometimes I wonder how I ever kept  
My heart in silence; never by a word,  
A look, a tremor of the hand, a sigh,  
Betrayed the passion that filled all my being!

Certain it is, that if she once had shown  
The slightest consciousness of what I felt —  
The faintest sense of what I *might* have felt —  
Had her eyes drooped from mine, her colour  
risen

When I addressed her; had she turned aside  
A moment from my glance — then all in vain  
I had struggled not to burst the gates that held  
The swelling torrent of my mighty love.  
She never dreamt of it: she was not proud,  
She treated me as friend and equal, still  
Was pleased to have me near her, sought me  
out

Amid her high-born guests, distinguished me  
Above them all. But in those very acts  
Was marked unconsciously the constant sense  
Of the barrier between us, making love  
'twixt her and me a possibility  
Not once to be admitted. In her mind  
She never shaped such thought; but there it  
lay  
A dormant embryo one word of mine  
Might wake and fashion. So I held my breath  
To keep it sleeping and unshapen still.

And so 'twixt Heaven and Hell five days  
passed by,  
Five days and nights. Into what little space  
May the concentrate essence of a life  
Be Love-condensed!

The sixth day, Lady May  
And I were in the garden. 'Neath a beech  
That waved the verdant layers of its boughs  
With soft upheaving o'er a rustic seat  
I sat beside her. While she grouped her flow-  
ers,

She had bid me read to her St. Agnes' Eve,  
And, as I read, the hand that held the bloom  
Drooped on her knees, and all her angel face  
Grew lucent with the light of her sweet soul.

Just so unto the eyes of Porphyro  
Had Madeline appeared. Ah, Porphyro,  
Thy heart's own instinct to thy heart had told  
The boldness of thy venture would approve  
Rather than mar thy cause with Madeline!  
She loved thee, Porphyro; and women call  
That noble courage in the man they love  
Which in the unloved were basest insolence  
The mildest Christian maid could scarce forgive

To see her thus, and I alone with her —  
And all the summer in the balmy air —  
And my life's summer in its fullest prime —  
And I to keep my voice untremulous,  
My eyes upon the book — my heaving heart  
From bursting into eloquence of love! —  
I to refrain from falling at her feet,  
And telling her how all of me was given  
Unto her solely — how my heart and brain  
Were by the love of her enlarged, enriched,  
Ennobled and unfolded, — she my Moon,  
I her Endymion, worshipping with pain  
And passionate yearnings not to be declared!

What might have been I know not; but what  
was

I must remember to my dying day.

A step came down the path — a buoyant  
step,



And then a young man's voice, a young man's face,  
Full of glad confidence and of the sense  
Of bringing and receiving happiness,  
Burst through the boughs beside us.

May arose;  
Up to her temples leaped the sudden tide  
Of love and welcome in a circling flush  
Of vermeil rapture.

"Sydney come!" she said,  
"And I not know it!"

O'er my sight there spread  
A veil of darkness — in my ears arose  
A rush of many waters — on my brain  
A merciful numbness pressed.

I cannot tell  
Distinctly what then happened. I believe  
Some form of introduction was gone through;  
I dimly heard my name pronounced and his —  
Lord Clydesdale — and I dimly saw him bow,  
And bowed, no doubt, responsive. Then they  
went,

Or I went — which I know not. But I woke  
Out of my trance of agony, and found  
Myself there in the garden all alone.  
Alone, beside the water; gazing down  
Into its languid depths.

How well a man  
Might rest down there, with all that even  
weight

Of slow, cold water gliding over him,  
And whispering to the unrevealing sea  
The secret both would keep. Oh, to forget,  
Low pillowed in the ooze, this sudden stun  
That lay upon me like the whelming rocks  
That crushed the Titans! Oh, to make ex-  
tinct

This dull, numb agony, ere it should wake  
To all the keen perception of itself  
I knew must follow!

Just then at my feet  
A faint, complaining, wistful cry arose:  
I turned, and gazing upward to my face  
With such a look of human sympathy  
As seldom speaks from human eyes, I saw  
May's dog, Consuelo, that ne'er left her side,  
That scarce vouchsafed a motion of his tail  
To any blandishment from other hand;  
A nervous creature, shy and cold and strange  
To all but her, to her the soul of love,  
Living but in the circling atmosphere  
Of her life-giving presence. As I turned,  
He stirred his tail and whined again, and  
reared  
His little paws against my knee, and sought  
To lick my listless hand.

That turned the tide  
And current of my thoughts: I truly think  
That saved me. Bending down upon my knee,  
I took the little creature in my arms,  
And pressed him nestling to my aching heart —  
Was not his aching with the self-same pain? —  
And kissed his glossy head, and let the rain  
Of my released tears fall thick on it.

I could not sleep again beneath the roof  
That sheltered him — her lover — so I feigned  
An urgent summons calling me away.

Had it been possible I would have fled  
Upon the instant, not again to see  
That love-look on her face. I almost wished  
She knew I loved her, that her tender soul  
Might bid her veil it, and replace its light  
With decent pity for the man who went  
Forth from her presence with a dying heart  
Into an empty world.

Did she divine  
Aught of my agony? I sometimes feel  
Nigh sure she guessed it: for I saw a change  
Come o'er her face — a quick inquiry spring  
Up to her eyes as mine encountered them,  
And then they fell, and then a troubled flush —  
O Heaven! how different to the blush that  
burned

My life's life out anon! — distressed her face,  
And her voice trembled.

Then I turned to go,  
And closed the door between us, and outside  
I paused to man myself ere going forth  
With dying heart into the empty world.

The handle turned full softly: then appeared  
Her face, suffused with a pitying pain  
That brought my soul before her on its knees  
To kiss her garment's hem.

She spoke my name:  
"Consuelo wants to follow you. It seems" —  
And here she smiled a little tender smile —  
"You've made him faithless to me: since his  
love

Is yours now more than mine, he shall be  
yours;

"I give him freely." Here she took the dog  
Into her arms and kissed his head, the while  
Her sweet eyes filled with tears, and then she  
pressed

Him silently into my arms and turned,  
And the door closed, and I was left alone.

Long years of travel followed; for I felt  
My usual world too small to hold my grief:  
I must go forth and wander up and down  
Among the high- and bye-ways of the earth,  
Self-goaded to a ceaseless restlessness,  
Until the vastness of the world should grow  
Upon its sense and dwarf it to itself,  
And make it feel what a mere speck it was  
In man's time and the universe — what then  
In God's own Heaven and in Eternity?

Consuelo never left me till the day  
He breathed his little faithful loving life  
Out softly in my arms, his tender eyes  
Gazing upon me till the films of death  
For ever veiled them. Softly now he lies  
Where mighty sighings of the Desert wind  
Sound 'mid the cedar-boughs of Lebanon.

Then I returned to England, and we met;  
She — Lady Clydesdale — mother, wife — with  
all  
Her girlish beauty ripened to a rich,  
Full, perfect womanhood. But, as we met,

The sweet old smile, that ever seemed to grow  
Half sadly — 'twas so tender — from the depths  
Of her dear eyes, so brought back the old time  
And all that had been, that I kept away,  
Lest all the love-springs lying in my heart  
Should, welling up, o'erwhelm it once again.

She was my first, my last, my only love.  
She sleeps now in her grave; and when at  
night

I see the moonbeams gliding on my bed,  
And hear the night-wind sighing in the yew,  
I think, so glide the beams, so sighs the wind  
Above her tomb in that green quiet spot  
Where I shall lie beside her when, in peace,  
God shall release me from this mortal coil  
I neither love nor hate, but bear content  
While 'tis His pleasure. May His will be  
done!

MARGUERITE A. POWER.

From the Argosy.

#### AN APOLOGY FOR THE NERVES.

CONSIDERED as white threads, efferent or afferent, belonging either to the cerebro-spinal or sympathetic system, the Nerves require, so far as I am aware, no apology. An apology for the Glands, or the Tendons, or the Medulla Oblongata would be just as much to the purpose. We know that between Dogmatism and Final Causes men fall to the ground; and that Paley has, in his *Natural Theology*, felt it polite to offer something like an apology for cork-trees, for which he could find no ginger-beer bottles. But if the reader expects any of the erudities of physiology in this paper he will be disappointed; pretty certainly he does not expect any, but he must be a very small reader if his experience has not taught him that he must constantly submit to be informed of unnecessary things. It is part of the established economy of the essay to exclude, with flourishes of phrase, what no human being would ever suppose was going to be taken in.

The Nerves, then, for our present purpose, are "as one should say," the Nerves! If as scientific men assure us, there is, without Nerve, no Thought (this deviation from the rule just laid down is more apparent than real, and if it were real, is only the felicitous exception which illuminates the rule), we can hardly have too much of the Nerves, unless we of Thought can have too much. Perhaps it may maliciously be said that we can, and that something depends upon the quality. No doubt; but we can also have too little. Taken absolutely,

Thought is a good thing, and I appeal to common experience to declare if an excess of a good thing is Nature's rule? On the contrary, it is so decidedly her exception that a proverb, of that defiant tone which is usual in proverbs which apply to exceptions, has been made on purpose to include the accident when it does happen to happen. Yet there is such a prejudice against the Nerves that even the Muscles have been preferred to them, and that, too, in a connection the most unlikely.

No human being has yet pretended to think with his Muscles, or feel with his muscles. Who ever heard of the aspiration of a biceps? And yet we have been told of Muscular Christians, never of Nervous Christians. It is true the phrase Muscular Christianity has been repudiated by Mr. Kingsley, and very properly; but not, as I conceive, on sufficiently broad grounds. A Christian must, like other people, have muscles, macerate him as you will; nor is it easy to conceive him without bones. But I appeal to physiologists whether the Sympathetic Nervous System is not reckoned a great channel of emotion? (this is another felicitous and illuminating exception, admitted because a *solitary* exception is always held in suspicion). The philosophic physiologist is welcome to suggest that the real final synthesis of nature defeats all such distinctions — we can some of us see where *that* drives him to — but, in the meantime, a nervous Christian is a far more natural combination than a muscular one.

The truth, however, is, that the Nerves are the objects of systematic enmity and depreciation among mankind at large. Fat, however it may excite complaint in the fat person, is not, I believe, an object of enmity, except in an omnibus or in some position where it occupies an unusual portion of the planetary space. Prophetic denunciations against such as be fat in Zion are on record; none against such as be nervous. Yet the fat man is tolerated, loved, at worst laughed at: while the nervous man is not only laughed at, he is disliked. But is it Fat that has been the chief benefactor of the human race? Was it a fat man that invented printing? Was it a fat man that discovered the circulation of the blood? Was George Stephenson fat? Were the martyrs fat men? Heliogabalus was, but was Antoninus? Julius Cæsar, though for his own selfish ends he preferred fat men about his person, was he fat himself? Was Hampden a fat man? Was Milton? Was Cromwell? Was William III.? No; it was George IV. who was the fat man: and

he built the fat pavilion at Brighton. Charles James Fox was fat; but he gambled. Falstaff was fat; but he was not a respectable character. Hamlet, again, was fat; but he believed in ghosts and was a very undecided young man. The fattest man of modern times is a distinguished undertaker—he *may* make good coffins, but I am not a judge of coffins. On the other hand, is Mr. Tennyson fat? Is Mr. John Stuart Mill fat? Is Mr. Browning fat? Is Mr. Gladstone fat? No; the nation would not trust its income with a fat man; it knows better. The only fat financier I ever heard of was Mr. Hudson the railway king. Thus, it is with nervous men that we trust our money, and it is from nervous men that we expect all that makes money worth having. Or if this statement should be too wide, let it be met by contradiction—there are plenty of contradictory people in the world—and the other side have too long had it all their own way—have too long been permitted to treat the Nervous as not only miserable in themselves but the causes of misery in others.

Part of this results from sheer error in classification. It was with extreme indignation that I once read "Dr. Trotter (of Bath) on the Nervous Temperament"—a book lent to me by a friend, who supposed me to be, as a nervous man, both wretched and a cause of wretchedness. In Dr. Trotter I found an elaborate discussion of—Indigestion! His idea of a nervous person was, I found, a person who had "the wind;" who had a poor appetite; who had ignominious symptoms not to be particularized; who suffered from "*borborrismi*." And his prescriptions were such beggarly elements as calcined magnesia: gentian: exercise: occupation; and "the warm gums." I returned the book with disgust, assuring my friend that, however nervous I might be, I never had "the wind;" knew nothing of "*borborrismi*;" ate like a trooper; walked ten miles a day; and had ample "occupation." To this hour I find people who "understand"—ah, how people do "understand" things!—that I am "nervous," suppose that what they call "nervousness" is a sort of disease. They recommend rhubarb, or peppermint drops, or more exercise, or pale ale. The fact is they do not understand vivacity of sensation. They think it is a complaint, they localize it in the regions under or below the waistband; and prescribe to the "nervous" just as a penguin or a porpoise might prescribe to a darting swallow or a leaping salmon.

Thus, the nervous suffer in popular estimation because they are confounded with the dyspeptic, and, it may be added, with the hysterical. There is a complaint, or manifestation, or something, which in the days of Pamela and Joseph Andrews was known as the megrims, or the doldrums, or the vapours; it was a fine madam's common excuse for not being seen, or for neglecting a duty, and it was supposed to be cured by "Hungary water," for which the modern succedaneum is red lavender. I found all the symptoms of the "megrims" described in Dr. Trotter's book as symptoms of the nervous temperament. In the name of all the nervous I indignantly repel the slander; that is just the way of the world—it never will discriminate. Let hysterics speak for themselves, *we*, the real honest "nervous" ladies and gentlemen, do *not* have "a difficulty in swallowing," and, most distinctly, do *not* have "St. Vitus's dance," which is described by the infamous Trotter as part of the ordinary diagnosis of our temperament! I speak both in sorrow and in anger, but without surprise; for have not many of us, comrades in nervousness, been asked, "What makes you so nervous? You should take tonics!" when we were no more "nervous" in that sense than the jubilant shrimp at sunset, or the lark in the happy agitation of his matin song.

The truth is, the vulgar phlegmatic do not love to see others lively and brisk. A creature with only a few sides—say two, an inside and an outside—is naturally jealous of another with a hundred facets, or is at least puzzled by it. So, a crocodile, which takes fifteen minutes to turn round, might fancy a kitten chasing its own tail mad or diseased. True, as we all know, or as the attendants at many places of public entertainment will tell us if we ask, the phlegmatic vulgar are particularly fond of watching machinery in motion, anything that "goes of itself" is a passion with them. But then there is here no room for comparison or jealousy. The phlegmatic man knows that he might stop a steam-bobbin; that, in any case, he can do things the bobbin cannot do, and that *somebody* could make another bobbin. But he cannot repress the disturbing mobility of the nervous man; he may impute *borborrismi*, and recommend potass or cardamoms, or even "the warm gums;" but he could not have given Elizabeth Barrett Browning in charge for reminding him of a fire-fly, or stopped Douglas Jerrold like a steam-bobbin. Thank heavens, we have yet our Mag-

na Charta, our Bill of Rights, our liberty of the subject! *Sunt certi denique fines* — there are limits, and it galls him.

One thing remains — he can confound nervousness with indigestion, and make it odious by maladive associations innumerable. It is high time to write this Apology, and disclaim the whole, from Indescribable Agony, and Incapacity for Business, to the end of the alphabet. We nervous folk have *no* agony, and are *not* incapable. Our Nerves are not disease, they are capacity; we have as much right to wonder at your lethargy as you at our vivacity.

Nervous people, again, are constantly confounded with ill-tempered people. Now, the one essential condition of genuine ill-temper is stupidity. It is the fool, and the fool only, he who cannot quickly distinguish between accident and design, and readily trace effects to causes, that is angry without cause, or for more than a minute *beyond* cause. Now, your nervous man is not often a fool — how should he be? — and is rarely *absurd* in his anger. It is true he may often be tempted to express his disgust at the ineptitudes of others, but what then? a sensitive creature,

More sensible than are the horns of cockled snails,

(is that correct?) must have some means of protecting itself. There are limits to human endurance, and who will have the boldness to fix them? Job was patient, but “did Job e’er lose a barrel of such ale?” When the fire has been let out, and the door left unshut, and the letter put into the wrong box, and the sheet put damp on the bed for the seven times seventieth time; when “gentle dullness,” glorying in its shame, has had my right cheek and my left, is the common privilege of speech to be denied me? No, and if my speech is pungent, it is a mercy to gentle dullness, as well as a relief to me. In Homer even the wounded god may complain; is the right of complaint refused to me, because I happen to understand the use of words? How is gentle dullness to know its differentia unless the nervous people howl when hit, and use appropriate and convincing language? The displeased surprise which the sensitive involuntarily manifest at the insensibility of the insensitive is a beneficent provision for the Education of the Human Race. This is a great topic, and worthy of extensive treatment. The average human being, he who is always speaking opprobriously of the Nerves, is distinguished by three characteristics: —

1. He never knows when a thing is going to happen.

2. He never knows when a thing is happening.

3. He never remembers a thing when it has happened.

These melancholy features, which are, in truth, the brand of inferiority, he turns to a boast. It is the function of the nervous, a function not free from pain, to worry him into proper sensibility. If he knew his place, and his obligations, he would sing hymns in praise of his benefactors: —

Who taught me when there was a draught,  
And showed me perils fore and aft,  
And frowned when I, untimely, laughed?

The Nervous!

Who told me when the glass would rise  
Or fall, and with their prophecies  
Or recollections, made me wise?

The Nervous!

Who heard a crash before it fell,  
And knew things were not going well,  
And would some warning story tell?

The Nervous!

Who, when I was a pachyderm,  
By many a proper, piercing term,  
Thinned my coarse skin, so hard and firm?

The Nervous!

The difference between the nervous and those who depreciate them is not, however, to be expressed by such a figure as that of a difference in the thickness of the skin. Compared with the phlegmatic vulgar the nervous have *antenne* — they have a sixth sense — a second sight! They “see as from a tower the end of all,” when others see only fog. They are the Jessie Browns of every Lucknow.\* They are the Hugin and Mugin of Odin’s ears. They possess all the fairies’ gifts that the unselfish need care for. They carry the turquoise that turns yellow at the approach of a lie; and, to make an end of raptures, they have their inconveniences, and very often get their light narrow wheels knocked about by the abounding heavy broad wheels of life. But their revenges compensate them. When Count D’Orsay, in his filimly-built chaise, struck off the wheel of a stupid, stolid brewer’s dray that obstinately blocked the

\* I am told for the thousandth time that this story is not true. But what business is that of mine? I roll the responsibility back upon the originator — why should we doubt a gentleman’s word? “Gentleman, indeed!” says a voice — “it was a penny-a-liner!” But surely a man may tell the truth at a penny a line — he is far more likely to grow florid if you offer him a guinea a line!

path, he called it the triumph of mind over matter. Such is the triumph of the nervous element over the phlegmatic element in human affairs. And, if it sometimes gets the worst of it, what then? "You young rascal," said the old gentleman to the rash little boy in the street, "if that cab had run over you where would you have been then?" and the boy answered, "Up behind, a-takin' of his number!" Just so; when vulgar brute force runs over Nerve, where is Nerve immediately? Why, "Up behind, a-takin' of his number!" It is a glorious mission.

All men despise, or think they despise, or pretend to despise, cowards. And—this is another misrepresentation—with cowards the nervous are perpetually confounded. Now let us waive all distinctions—which, indeed, can never be made final—between moral and physical courage, and it will certainly not be found that the bravest men are the least nervous. The greatest of the Napiers was an exquisitely nervous man. The late Rev. F. W. Robertson of Brighton may be said to have died of a fine nervous system—but he had all the instincts and characteristics of a soldier, and sacrificed himself to his father's wish in entering the church instead of the army. The list of illustrative instances might be much extended; but it is unnecessary. Without pushing beyond the truth, and looking candidly round the whole subject, we must all of us see that it is absurd to suppose the highest forms of any fine quality exhibited by the lower organizations. The very essence of being "nervous" is apprehensiveness, or being quick to apprehend things. This may minister to fearfulness, but it is not fear. The hawk is not afraid of his prey because he sees it afar off, nor the savage of his enemy because he hears the tramp of his advance miles away in the desert.—But a nervous writer, using similes like these on a simple subject, in a playful vein, is afraid of making the subject absurd, and stops short!

It may be taken for granted by phlegmatic people that the apprehensiveness of the high nervous temperament is far greater than it appears, or than it can be intelligibly represented to be. We all know the famous Turner anecdote. "Mr. Turner, I never saw blues and reds like yours in the sky!" "No, ma'am; but don't you wish you could?" Now, in reality, no human being need wish to change places with another—it may be my mistake, but I do not believe any human being ever does, or did, or will wish to relinquish his identity: no, not on the rack. But that the "nerves"

see "blues and reds" which others do not see; that the difference between moderate nerve and much nerve is the difference between the apprehensiveness of a babe and the apprehensiveness of a grown person is as certain as that twice three are six. In reality the old schoolboy story of "Eyes and No-Eyes" ought to be called Nerves and No-Nerves; although an image borrowed from the sense of sight may help us to apprehend the difference between an organization like that of the stout tradesman next door, and De Quincey or Hartley Coleridge. I have often wondered how short-sighted men are affected by female beauty. How do they feel in a ball-room for instance? Necessarily short sight must miss seeing loveliness at the farther end of the room; while ordinary sight might have the whole current of his life changed by it. How ridiculous, one might here say, is our moral criticism of each other, unless we regard it as give-and-take, tit-for-tat—not that my wrongness is lessened by your wrongness, you know, or that moral distinctions are obliterated, but that in what may be called the courtesies of ethics, the mote must remember the beam.

I do not at all know whether human conditions are equally balanced, nor even whether they are "pretty equally" balanced or not. It is often asserted, but nobody knows anything about it. But in mere quantity of sensation, the nervous people would probably claim to have the best of it. What, in the pleasures of sense? Yes, certainly, says our nervous friend, a fig for your pleasures of sense! What is "sense?" Do you mean to tell me that the man who could "die of a rose in aromatic pain" does not get more delight out of "sense" than a horn-handed clown? more even at given hours, to say nothing of memory and hope; the echo, the refraction, the resonance, the reduplications of joy?

Let spirit star the dome  
Of flesh, that flesh may miss no peak!

Do you mean to tell me that if Nerves sees the sun before he rises and after he sets, as well as all the time he is above the horizon, he does not get more pleasure out of the sun? Yes, says No-Nerves, I do mean to say that; he has discounted his pleasure, and his memory is regret. And, ah, how I can plague him! I can bang doors, and stump about over his head till he maddens! I can spoil all his pleasures by slipping in little sly drops—one drop to a cup is enough!—of poison that others would not taste. And I know that the shifting winds,



and the creeping clouds, the hang of a curl, the delay of a minute, the suspicion that some one is in pain, a knock at the door, a cat on the tiles, a mere film or phantasm of a smile or a frown, can make him uncomfortable? — Ah, says Nerves, you know all that, do you? But you do not know enough. This hyperapprehensiveness of mine is far greater than you fancy. You would shrink into nothing, collapse, *zusammenfabren* if you knew it all. You think I am irritable sometimes? In the scientific sense *always*, but in the base sense not so often —

What's done you partly may compute,  
But never what's resisted; —

and if I were to let you see how much I discern of cause for irritation, you would discern how much I forbear. But life would be impossible to us both if I were to make disclosures. My friend, I not only know that I am surrounded by Things and Persons as you do; I have in addition an incessant sixth sense of Things and Persons, of what is past, present, and to come. You live in the world, No-Nerves. I live in the world, and in a refracting atmosphere of the world as well. Which is the better man of the two? I don't know. Which is the happier? I don't care.

For this style of answer may be quoted at least the authority of Confucius. Some one asked him how many stars there were in the sky? "I don't know," said he, "I mind things near me." The questioner resumed, "Then how many hairs are there in the cat's back?" "I don't care," said the philosopher. This is the quip-heroic — omitted by Touchstone in his well-known enumeration. But, to deal more civilly with the matter. An elderly lady once asked how I thought a person would feel who was sure of going to heaven. In a long and very eloquent speech, I told her my views. To my surprise, she was not comforted; on the contrary, she began to cry, saying, "Ah, then, I shall never go to heaven, for I never felt a bit like that!" But in five minutes I had convinced her that she *did* feel like that. I simply altered the phraseology of my description, and she recognized the picture at once — she *had* felt just what I described. The moral is obvious. Let no person who happens to read anything here written of the joys of nervousness go a-crying and say, "I never felt like that!" — a little explanation might set all to rights. Very likely you have been talking prose all your life without knowing it. All I say is, do not let us have any abuse of the Nerves. Do not confound

nervousness with the megrims, or the dol-drum, or any other complaint. Do not confound it with cowardice or ill-temper. And, when you come into practical relations with it in daily life, put it upon its defence as seldom as you can. *It never forgets* — and if it is a decent sort of nervousness it will reward you some day for not driving it into anything more than general and remote apologies like the present.

MATTHEW BROWNE.

From the Argosy.

#### THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SCOTCHMEN.

ARE all Scotchmen alike? Is it enough to say of a man that he is a Scotchman to convey a full and accurate idea respecting him? On the contrary there is perhaps a greater diversity of character in Scotland than in any other country. Let a classification of Scotchmen be, with equal fairness, brevity, and modesty, attempted by one who thinks that though national peculiarities cannot be artificially maintained, yet that their decay is ever to be lamented, and that cosmopolitanism is infinitely detestable.

The *Canny Scot* is so well known as scarcely to require description. He carries caution, cunning, and selfishness to excess. Deceitful when a purpose is to be accomplished, he is not habitually deceitful. One thing he never loses sight of — his own interest. But of his own interest he is not the most enlightened judge. His sycophancy disgusts, and he forgets that a cowardly reserve may war with a comprehensive prudence. As a general rule, address accomplishes more than tact, tact more than talent, talent more than genius. It is to address, to adroitness, to astuteness, that the *Canny Scot* trusts. For the most part the *Canny Scot* is a native of the north-eastern part of Scotland. The weakness of the *Canny Scot* is, that he is glad — not from hypocrisy, but from vanity — to get credit for virtues that he does not possess. So far from being the normal Scotchman, the *Canny Scot* is nowhere so warmly hated as in Scotland itself.

It would be more easy to demonstrate that the *Uncanny Scot* is the normal Scotchman. The *Uncanny Scot* has many noble qualities: — he is romantic, chivalrous, generous; an idealist, but wild and reckless. From vice he is altogether free, but almost every step that he takes is a folly, and almost every word that he utters is an indiscretion; and he is more terribly punished for his indiscretions and his follies than oth-

er men for their vices. The tragic remorses, which from time to time assail him, do not make him wiser; they simply intensify his lawless and anarchic temper. Yet he is keenly sensitive to ridicule and to good report. He dreads calumny, and would fain stand well with earnest men. It is in the reaction against the Canny Scot, and in the loathing for the ecclesiastical despotism of Scotland, that we must seek the secret of the Uncanny Scot's conduct. His life is a painful and fruitless fatality, and his faculties and aspirations are invariably wasted. His consolation when dying must be that, if he has accomplished little, he has had magnificent dreams.

The *Dour Scot* is the grim, hard, pertinacious Scot. Work is for him a fierce and gloomy pleasure. Necessity may turn him from his purpose — reason never. Though a singularly unamiable mortal, he can do memorable things if you set him to the right sort of labour, humour him a little, and carefully abstain from thwarting him.

The *Pawkie Scot* is the Scot who is shrewd, and who prides himself on his shrewdness. He is a born lawyer, Jesuit, casuist; he is at once an intellectual athlete and an intellectual detective; and he is often guilty of monstrous cruelties and villainies, but from the love of intellectual excitement and triumph, not from avarice or ambition. The devil he admires, not for being wicked, but for being clever.

The *Snell Scot* resembles in many points the Pawkie Scot; but it is the reward, and not the pursuit, which principally fascinates him. His intellect is sharper than that of the Pawkie Scot, but not so robust. The Pawkie Scot has a thousand different schemes, the Snell Scot fastens through life on one scheme. He scruples not to employ all means, yet he prefers a strict economy of means. In every profession he may be found; but whatever his occupation, you always see him going straight to his object.

The *Blate Scot* is the bashful Scot. Now there are bashful men everywhere, but the Blate Scot carries bashfulness to its most absurd degree. Yet if Scottish bashfulness is unmatched, Scottish impudence is unmatched too; and it has not, like Irish Impudence, any atoning attributes. It is coarse, ugly, fierce, and greedy.

The *Holy Willie Scot* is an accomplished hypocrite, though not a hypocrite of the Tartuffe type. He has no tragic dignity, he is simply the caricature of Scottish Calvinism. The Scotch have strong appetites and strong passions. As they are taught, however, from infancy, that passion and ap-

petite are things in themselves evil, they are always in open or secret revolt against nature. Holy Willie is one of the secret rebels. Being orthodox, moreover, he does not think himself obliged to be moral.

The *Neerdoweel Scot* resembles the English scapegrace. For the English scapegrace, however, there is hope; for the Scottish Neerdoweel, none. The Scotch heart, though full of tenderness, has no mercy for the sinner, and hunts him down with the ferocity of the bloodhound. Hence, if the Scotch blackguard is the worst and most incorrigible of blackguards, it is the fault of his grimly merciless country.

The *Dominie Scot* is the pedantic Scot. Few Scotchmen are quite free from pedantry. Nearly all young Scotchmen think that they are bound to play the Dominie — bound to instruct and illuminate the universe. The moment a young Scotchman enters England, he appoints himself reformer, professor, missionary, and judge; he knows everything, and he wants to teach everybody. Gradually he learns a little wisdom and modesty. But there are Scotchmen who, whether they remain at home, or travel the world over, can never put off the Dominie. A Scotchman is, spite of genuine and noble qualities, not a very attractive animal at the best, and his dominie mania does not add to his popularity.

The *Guffawing Scot* is the man whose life is one long, loud laugh. Only the most conceited of cockneys can venture to maintain that the Scotch have no wit and humor. They have abundance of both. But the enjoyment of laughter is, with the Scotch generally, and with the Guffawing Scot in particular, a thing apart from humor and wit. The Scotch are better laughers than the English, and the Guffawing Scot is the best laugher in the world. There is talk in these days of Homeric, truly colossal laughter; but Homeric laughter is transcended by the Guffawing Scot.

The *Douce Scot* is an Epicurean, but a sort of earnest Epicurean. He is not a coward, and he is not selfish. His pleasures, however, and his good qualities, are all of the quiet kind. Delighted to serve others, he is still more delighted to brood on his own thoughts. He has contentment and cheerfulness as a natural heritage, and they are his whole philosophy and religion.

The *Braw Scot* is the handsome, gallant Scot, who represents not the higher attributes of his countrymen, but their normal virtues, their spontaneity, their sympathy. He is neither canny nor uncaunty, but joyous, brave, unaffected — a natural gentleman, with just as much of the moun-

taineer's wildness as is pleasant. Of his huge strength he manifests no more than is sufficient to keep fops and fools from insulting him.

The *Wearifu' Scot* is the monotonous creature who insists on dragging you into the barren realm of cant and commonplaces and provincial platitudes. He is prosaic as a grindstone, and has about the same amount of music and of meaning in him. With his own small affairs, and with Scotland's small notabilities, he bores you to death. If he were a leech seizing you, he could at least be shaken off; but he is a tapeworm, piercing into your vitals, and there abiding. Keep clear of this dreary mortal if you wish to avoid a worse death than his who perishes of thirst in the desert.

The *Pirnickety Scot* is the being who seems as if he had been made with a pair of the smallest scissors, and as if he thought that a pair of the smallest scissors were the fittest weapon to apply to all questions. He is sharp, subtle, always darting from point to point, and always talking about *precision*.

The *Thrauen Scot* is the rancorous, cantankerous Scot, who is so perverse that he is never so displeased with himself as when he has so far forgotten his nature as to be pleased for a moment with something or somebody. He cultivates bad temper, half with artistic skill and half with religious zeal.

The *Arglebargleing Scot* is the disputatious Scot. He is the pest of Scotland, and England would rejoice if Scotland kept him to herself. It is really no small annoyance, when you have made the most unimportant and inoffensive statement, to be immediately assailed by a whole battery of arguments against it. Not the smallest assertion does the Arglebargleing Scot allow you to make, without giving it a direct and decided denial. Even if you yield the point, he goes on combating. He finds that you have yielded too much, or have not yielded in the right fashion. Your very silence is provocative of deadly conflict.

The *Flodden Scot* is the Scot who maintains that the Scotch lost the battle of Flodden by mistake; that the English are a match for the world, and that the Scotch have always been more than a match for the English; and that all the most famous British victories for two hundred years have been gained by Scottish valour. The belief is harmless enough.

The *Auldfarrant Scot* is a kind of village Socrates. He is shrewd, knows a great deal, but does not parade either his shrewdness or his knowledge. People trust his counsels, like to hear his discourse; but he does not obtrude the former, and is not lavish of the latter. The characteristic of the Auldfarrant Scot is general sagacity.

The *Bawbee Scot* is the sordid, saving Scot. That the Scotch are a mean people, is about as true as that they are destitute of wit and humour. They are unbouedly hospitable, and, both as individuals and as a nation, they can be magnificently generous. For the things that really interest them such as religion, they give enormous sums in the most ungrudging spirit. But it must be confessed that Scotch penuriousness is tragically minute, and cuts very keen; and the Bawbee Scot, without being absolutely a miser, has, in his cupidity, a good deal of the maniac.

The *Montrose Scot* is the Scot whose whole being is grace and genius and chivalry and devotedness. In the hero and martyr, Montrose, Scotland saw all her divinest elements blending into radiant beauty. But Scotland has had many Montroses, and she will have many more as long as the poetry and the pride of national memories are dear to her heart.

The *Irving Scot* is the prophetic Scot. Prophecy is not so much prediction as inspired and godlike utterance. The Scotch are, the English are not, a prophetic people. Of all recent Scottish prophets, incomparably the greatest was Edward Irving: a man whose nobleness the world knew not till the world saw his face no more. Those worship at his tomb who vilified and ridiculed him when he marched, a giant in the midst of the living. It is to the Irving or prophetic Scot that Scotland must look for moral and religious regeneration.

We have given some—we do not say that we have given all—of the types of the Scottish nature.

In the days when France and Scotland were allies, the French thoroughly understood and warmly valued the Scotch. The English have never either understood or valued them. It cannot be said that herein the English have been influenced, even by prejudices. They have simply repeated some absurd jargon about the Scotch which had once been uttered, a jargon which might be called a calumny, if it were not so helplessly absurd. W. M.

From the *Argosy*.

## AN ESSAY ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

THE discovery of a grey hair when you are brushing out your whiskers of a morning — first fallen flake of the coming snows of age — is a disagreeable thing. So is the intimation from your old friend and comrade that his eldest daughter is about to be married. So are flying twinges of gout, shortness of breath on the hill-side, the fact that even the moderate use of your friends' wines at dinner upsets you. These things are disagreeable because they tell you that you are no longer young — that you have passed through youth, are now in middle age, and faring onward to the shadows in which, somewhere, a grave is hid.

Thirty is the age of the gods — and the first grey hair informs you that you are at least ten or twelve years older than that. Apollo is never middle-aged, but you are. Olympus lies several years behind you. You have lived for more than half your natural term; and you know the road which lies before you is very different from that which lies behind. You have yourself changed. In the present man of forty-two you can barely recognize the boy of nineteen that once was. Hope sang on the sunny slope of life's hill as you ascended; she is busily singing the old song in the ears of a new generation — but you have passed out of the reach of her voice. You have tried your strength: you have learned precisely what you can do: you have thrown the hammer so often that you know to an inch how far you can throw it — at least you are a great fool if you do not. The world, too, has been looking on and has made up her mind about you. She has appraised and valued you as an auctioneer appraises and values an estate or the furniture of a house. "Once you served Prince Florizel and wore three pile," but the brave days of campaigning are over. What to you are canzonets and love-songs? The mighty passion is vapid and second-hand. Cupid will never more flutter rosilily over your head; at most he will only flutter in an uninspired fashion above the head of your daughter-in-law. You have sailed round the world; seen all its wonders, and come home again, and must adorn your dwelling as best you can with the rare things you have picked up on the way. At life's table you have tasted of every dish except the Covered One, and of that you will have your share by-and-by. The road over which you are fated to march is more than half accomplished, and at every onward

stage the scenery is certain to become more sombre, and in due time the twilight will fall. To you, on your onward journey there will be little to astonish, little to delight. The Interpreter's House is behind where you first read the poets; so is also the House Beautiful with the Three Damsels where you first learned to love. As you pass onward you are attended by your henchman Memory, who may be either the cheerfullest or gloomiest of companions. You have come up out of the sweet-smelling valley-flowers; you are now on the broken granite, seamed and wrinkled, with dried up water-courses; and before you, striking you full in the face, is the broad disk of the solitary setting sun.

One does not like to be an old fogie, and still less perhaps does one like to own to being one. You may remember when you were the youngest person in every company into which you entered; and how it pleased you to think how precociously clever you were, and how opulent in Time. You were introduced to the great Mr. Blank — at least twenty years older than yourself — and could not help thinking how much greater you would be than Mr. Blank by the time you reached his age. But pleasant as it is to be the youngest member of every company, that pleasure does not last for ever. As years pass on you do not quite develop into the genius you expected; and the new generation makes its appearance and pushes you from your stool. You make the disagreeable discovery that there is a younger man of promise in the world than even you; then the one younger man becomes a dozen younger men; then younger men come flowing in like waves, and before you know where you are, by this impertinent younger generation — fellows who were barely breeched when you won your first fame — you are shouldered into Old Fogiedom, and your staid ways are laughed at, perhaps, by the irreverent scoundrels into the bargain. There is nothing more wonderful in youth than this wealth in Time. It is only a Rothschild who can indulge in the amusement of tossing a sovereign to a beggar. It is only a young man who can dream and build castles in the air. What are twenty years to a young fellow of twenty? An ample air-built stage for his pomps and triumphal processions. What are twenty years to a middle-aged man of forty-five? The falling of the curtain, the covering up of the empty boxes, the screwing out of the gas, and the counting of the money taken at the doors, with the notion, perhaps, that the performance was rather a poor thing. It is

with a feeling curiously compounded of pity and envy that one listens to young men talking of what they are going to do. They will light their torches at the sun! They will regenerate the world! They will abolish war and hand in the Millennium! What pictures they will paint! What poems they will write! One knows while one listens how it will all end. But it is Nature's way; she is always sending on her young generations full of hope. The Atlantic roller bursts in harmless foam among the shingle and drift-wood at your feet, but the next, nothing daunted by the fate of its predecessor, comes on with threatening crest, as if to carry everything before it. And so it will be for ever and ever. The world could not get on else. My experience is of use only to myself. I cannot bequeath it to my son as I can my cash. Every human being must start untrammelled and work out the problem for himself. For a couple of thousand years now the preacher has been crying out *Vanitas vanitatum*, but no young man takes him at his word. The blooming apple must grate in the young man's teeth before he owns that it is dust and ashes. Young people will take nothing on hearsay. I remember when a lad of Todd's *Student's Manual* falling into my hands. I perused therein a solemn warning against novel-reading. Nor did the reverend compiler speak without authority. He stated that he had read the works of Fielding, Smollett, Sir Walter Scott, American Cooper, James, and the rest, and he laid his hand on his heart and assured his young friends that in each of these works, even the best of them, were subtle snares and gilded baits for the soul. These books they were adjured to avoid as they would a pestilence, or a raging fire. It was this alarming passage in the transatlantic Divine's treatise that first made a novel-reader of me. I was not content to accept his experience. I must see for myself. Every one must begin at the beginning, and it is just as well. If a new generation were starting with the wisdom of its elders, what would be the consequence? Would there be any love-making twenty years after? Would there be any fine extravagance? Would there be any lending of money? Would there be any noble friendships such as that of Damon and Pythias, or of David and Jonathan, or even of our own Beaumont and Fletcher, who had purse, wardrobe, and genius in common? It is extremely doubtful. *Vanitas vanitatum* is a bad doctrine to begin life with. For the plant Experience to be of any worth a man must grow it for himself.

The man of forty-five or thereby is compelled to own, if he sits down to think about it, that existence is very different from what it was twenty years previously. His life is more than half spent to begin with. He is like one who has spent seven hundred and fifty pounds of his original patrimony of a thousand. Then, from his life there has departed that "wild freshness of morning" which Tom Moore sang about. In his onward journey he is not likely to encounter anything absolutely new. He has already conjugated every tense of the verb To Be. He has been in love twice or thrice. He has been married — only once let us trust. In all probability he is the father of a fine family of children. He has been ill and he has recovered; he has experienced triumph and failure; he has known what it is to have money in his purse, and what it is to want money in his purse. Sometimes he has been a debtor, sometimes he has been a creditor. He has stood by the brink of half a dozen graves, and heard the clod falling on the coffin-lid. All this he has experienced; the only new thing before him is death, and even to that he has at various times approximated. Life has lost most of the unexpectedness, its zest, its novelty, and has become like a worn shoe or a threadbare doublet. To him there is no new thing under the sun. But then this growing old is a gradual process: and zest, sparkle, and novelty are not essential to happiness. The man who has reached five-and-forty has learned what a pleasure there is in customariness and use and wont — in having everything around him familiar, tried, confidential. Life may have become humdrum, but his tastes have become humdrum too. Novelty annoys him, the intrusion of an unfamiliar object puts him out. A pair of newly embroidered slippers would be much more ornamental than the well-worn articles which lie warming for him before the library fire; but then he cannot get his feet into them so easily. He is contented with his old friends — a new friend would break the charm of the old familiar faces. He loves the hedgerows and the fields and the brook and the bridge which he sees every day, and he would not exchange them for Alps and glaciers. By the time a man has reached forty-five he lies as comfortably in his habits as the silk-worm in its cocoon. On the whole I take it that middle age is a happier period than youth. In the entire circle of the year there are no days so delightful as those of a fine October, when the trees are bare to the mild heavens, and the red leaves bestrew the road, and you can feel



the breath of winter morning and evening — no days so calm, so tenderly solemn, and with such a reverent meekness in the air. The lyrical up-burst of the lark at such a time would be incongruous. The only sounds suitable to the season are the rusty caw of the homeward-sliding rook — the creaking of the wain returning empty from the farm-yard. There is an “unrest which men miscall delight,” and of that “unrest” youth is for the most part composed. From that middle age is free. The setting suns of youth are crimson and gold; the setting suns of middle age

Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.

Youth is the slave of beautiful faces, and fine eyes, and silver-sweet voices — they distract, madden, alarm. To middle age they are but the gracefulest statues, the loveliest poems. They delight but hurt not. They awake no passion, they heighten no pulse. And the imaginative man of middle age possesses after a fashion all the passionate turbulence, all the keen delights, of his earlier days. They are not dead — they are dwelling in the antechamber of memory awaiting his call; and when they are called they wear an ethereal something which is not their own. The Muses are the daughters of Memory: youth is the time to love, but middle age the period at which the best love poetry is written. And middle age too — the early period of it, when a man is master of his instruments and knows what he can do — is the best season of intellectual activity. The playful capering flames of a newly-kindled fire is a pretty sight; but not nearly so effective — any housewife will tell you — as when the flames are gone and the whole mass of fuel has become caked into a sober redness that emits a steady glow. There is nothing good in this world which time does not improve. A silver wedding is better than the voice of the Epithalamium. And the most beautiful face that ever was is made yet more beautiful when there is laid upon it the reverence of silver hairs.

There is a certain even-handed justice in Time; and for what he takes away he gives us something in return. He robs us of elasticity of limb and spirit, and in its place he brings tranquillity and repose — the mild autumnal weather of the soul. He takes away Hope, but he gives us Memory. And the settled, unfluctuating atmosphere of middle age is no bad exchange for the stormful emotions, the passionate crises and suspenses, of the earlier day. The consti-

tutional melancholy of the middle-aged man is a dim back-ground on which the pale flowers of life are brought out in the tenderest relief. Youth is the time for action, middle age for thought. In youth we hurriedly crop the herbage; in middle age, in a sheltered place, we chew the ruminative cud. In youth, red-handed, red-ankled, with songs and shoutings we gather in the grapes; in middle age, under our own fig-tree, or in quiet gossip with a friend, we drink the wine free of all turbid lees. Youth is a lyrical poet, middle age a quiet essayist, fond of recounting experiences and of appending a moral to every incident. In youth the world is strange and unfamiliar, novel and exciting, everything wears the face and garb of a stranger; in middle age the world is covered over with reminiscence as with a garment — it is made homely with usage, it is made sacred with graves. The middle-aged man can go nowhere without treading the mark of his own footsteps. And in middle age, too — provided the man has been a good and an ordinarily happy one — along with this mental tranquillity, there comes a corresponding sweetness of the moral atmosphere. He has seen the good and the evil that are in the world, the ups and the downs, the almost general desire of the men and the women therein to do the right thing if they could but see how — and he has learned to be uncensorious, humane; to attribute the best motives to every action, and to be chary of imputing a sweeping and cruel blame. He has a quiet smile for the vain-glorious boast; a feeling of respect for shabby-genteel virtues; a pity for the thread-bare garments proudly worn, and for the napless hat glazed into more than pristine brilliancy from frequent brushing after rain. He would not be satirical for the world. He has no finger of scorn to point at anything under the sun. He has a hearty “Amen” for every good wish, and in the worst cases he leans to a verdict of Not Proven. And along with this pleasant blandness and charity, a certain grave, serious humour, “a smile on the lip and a tear in the eye,” is noticeable frequently in middle-aged persons — a phase of humour peculiar to that period of life, as the chrysanthemum to December. Pity lies at the bottom of it, just as pity lies, unsuspected, at the bottom of love. Perhaps this special quality of humour — with its sadness of tenderness, its mirth with the heart-ache, its gaiety growing out of deepest seriousness, like a crocus on a child's grave — never approaches more closely to perfection than in

some passages of Mr. Hawthorne's writings—who was a middle-aged man from earliest boyhood. And although middle-aged persons have lost the actual possession of youth, yet in virtue of this humour they can comprehend it, see all round it, enter imaginatively into every sweet and bitter of it. They wear the key Memory at their girdles, and they can open every door in the chamber of youth. And it is also in virtue of this peculiar humour that—Mr. Dickens's *Little Nell* to the contrary—it is only middle-aged persons who can, either as poets or artists, create for us a child. There is no more beautiful thing on earth than an old man's love for his granddaughter; more beautiful even—from the absence of all suspicion of direct personal bias or interest—than his love for his own daughter; and it is only the meditative, sad-hearted, middle-aged man who can creep into the heart of a child and interpret it, and show forth the new nature to us in the subtle cross lights of contrast and suggestion. Imaginatively thus, the wrinkles of age become the dimples of infancy. Wordsworth was not a very young man when he held the colloquy with the little maid who insisted, in her childish logic, that she was one of seven. Mr. Hawthorne was not a young man when he painted "pearl" by the side of the brook in the forest; and he was middle-aged and more when he drew "Pansie," the most exquisite child that lives in English words. And when speaking of middle age, of its peculiar tranquillity and humour, why not tell of its peculiar beauty as well? Men and women make their own beauty or their own ugliness. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton speaks in one of his novels of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be;" and, if we could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is

good-looking or the reverse as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisels of thought and emotion are eternally at work. Beauty is not the monopoly of blooming young men and of white and pink maids. There is a slow-growing beauty which only comes to perfection in old age. Grace belongs to no period of life, and goodness improves the longer it exists. I have seen sweeter smiles on a lip of seventy than I ever saw on a lip of seventeen. There is the beauty of youth, and there is also the beauty of holiness—a beauty much more seldom met; and more frequently found in the arm-chair by the fire, with grandchildren around its knee, than in the ball-room or the promenade. Husband and wife who have fought the world side by side, who have made common stock of joy and sorrow, and aged together, are not unfrequently found curiously alike in personal appearance and in pitch and tone of voice—just as twin pebbles on the beach, exposed to the same tidal influences, are each other's *alter ego*. He has gained a feminine something which brings his manhood into full relief. She has gained a masculine something which acts as a foil to her womanhood. Beautiful are they in life, these pale winter roses, and in death they will not be divided. When Death comes, he will pluck not one, but both.

And in any case, to the old man, when the world becomes trite, the triteness arises not so much from a cessation as from a transference of interest. What is taken from this world is given to the next. The glory is in the east in the morning, it is in the west in the afternoon, and when it is dark the splendour is irradiating the realm of the under-world. He would only follow.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

#### HOPEFULLY WAITING.

"Blessed are they that are Home-sick, for they shall come at last to the Father's House."  
—HEINRICH STILLING.

Not as you meant, oh! learned man, and good,  
Do I accept thy words of hope and rest;  
God knowing all, knows what for me is best,  
And gives me what I need, not what He could,  
Nor always as I would!  
I shall go to the Father's House and see  
Him and the Elder Brother face to face,

What day or hour I know not. Let me be  
Steadfast in work, and earnest in the race,  
Not as a home-sick child, who all day long  
Whines at its play, and seldom speaks in song.

If for a time some loved one goes away  
And leaves us our appointed work to do,  
Can we to him or to ourselves be true,  
In mourning his departure day by day,  
And so our work delay?  
Nay, if we love and honor, we shall make  
The absence brief by doing well our task,  
Not for ourselves, but for the dear one's sake;

And at his coming only of him ask  
Approval of the work, which most was done,  
Not for ourselves, but our beloved one!

Our Father's house, I know, is broad and  
grand;

In it how many, many mansions are!  
And far beyond the light of sun or star,  
Four little ones of mine through that fair land  
Are walking hand in hand!

Think you I love not, or that I forget  
These of my loins? Still this world is fair,  
And I am singing while my eyes are wet  
With weeping in this balmy summer air;  
Yet I'm not home-sick, and the children *here*  
Have need of me, and so my way is clear!

I would be joyful as my days go by,  
Counting God's mercies to me. He who bore  
Life's heaviest cross is mine for evermore,  
And I who wait His coming, shall not I  
On His sure word rely?  
And if sometimes the way be rough, and sleep  
Be heavy for the grief he sends to me,  
Or at my awaking I would only weep,  
Let me remember these are things to be,  
To work his blessed will until He come  
And take my hand and lead me safely home.

A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

—Hours at Home.

#### LITTLE THINGS.

THE flower is small that decks the field,  
The bee is small that bends the flower,  
But flower and bee alike may yield  
Food for a thoughtful hour.

Essence and attributes of each  
For ends profound combine;  
And all they are, and all they teach,  
Spring from the Mind Divine.

Is there who scorneth little things?  
As wisely might he scorn to eat  
The food that bounteous Autumn brings  
In little grains of wheat.

Methinks, indeed, that such an one  
Few pleasures upon earth will find,  
Where wellnigh every good is won  
From little things combined.

The lark that in the morning air  
Amid the sunbeams mounts and sings:  
What lifted her so lightly there?—  
Small feathers in her wings.

What form too, then, the beautiful dyes  
With which all nature oft is bright,  
Meadows and streams, woods, hills, and  
skies?—  
Minutest waves of light.

And when the earth is sore and sad  
From summer's over-fervid reign,  
How is she in fresh beauty clad?—  
By little drops of rain.

Yea, and the robe that Nature weaves,  
Whence does it every robe surpass?—  
From little flowers, and little leaves,  
And little blades of grass.

O sure, who scorneth little things,  
If he were not a thoughtless elf,  
Far above all that round him springs  
Would scorn his little self.

THOMAS DAVIS.

#### SOME JINGLES FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

THOMAS Hood, the younger, has published in London a new set of "Jingles and Jokes for Little Folks," from which the following is a specimen. The story of "Puss and her Three Kittens" will bear reading aloud to the children:

##### PUSS AND HER THREE KITTENS.

OUR old cat has kittens three;  
What do you think their names should  
be?

One is a tabby with emerald eyes,  
And a tail that's long and slender;  
But into a temper she quickly flies,  
If you ever by chance offend her.

I think we shall call her this—  
I think we shall call her that:  
Now, don't you fancy "Pepper-pot"  
A nice name for a cat?

One is black, with a frill of white,  
And her feet are all white fur, too:  
If you stroke her, she carries her tail upright,  
And quickly begins to purr, too.

I think we shall call her this—  
I think we shall call her that:  
Now don't you fancy "Sootikin"  
A nice name for a cat?

One is a tortoise-shell, yellow and black,  
With a lot of white about him:  
If you tease him, at once he sets up his back;  
He's a quarrelsome Tom, ne'er doubt him!

I think we shall call him this—  
I think we shall call him that:  
Now, don't you fancy "Scratchaway"  
A nice name for a cat?

Our old cat has kittens three,  
And I fancy these their names will be:  
"Pepper-pot"—"Sootikin"—"Scratchaway"  
—There!

Were there ever kittens with these to compare?  
And we call the old mother—now, what do  
you think?  
"Tabitha Longclaws Tidleywink!"